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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

THE BIBLE.

Vindicia Hebraica; or a Defence of the Hebrew Scripture, as a Vehicle of Revealed Religion; occasioned by the recent Strictures and Innovations of Mr. J. Bellamy; and in confutation of his attacks on all preceding Translations, and on the Established Version in particular. By Hyman Hurwitz. London. 1821. 8vo. pp. 270.

The English translation of the Bible has ever been acknowledged, by the most able and competent judges, to be executed with the greatest possible accuracy and fidelity. It is also agreeable to the literal meaning of the Hebrew text. The translators were persons eminent both for learning and piety. Few men in any age, or in any nation, can be placed in the same order of excellence, either for soundness of judgment, diligence of research, or profound erudition. These qualifications were accompanied by a sacred impartiality and a holy desire to discharge the trust reposed in them with strict fidelity. Defects may be pointed out; but these are trifling in comparison with the magnitude of the undertaking. It was therefore to us a matter of surprise, when we first perused the prospectus of Mr. Bellamy, the author of several papers in the *Classical Journal*, to observe the specimens which he offered for a new and amended translation. In that prospectus we discerned no traces of ability sufficient to qualify him for the mighty task. It contained a few obsolete, yet well known criticisms, of a very uncertain and doubtful authority. From this doubt, we anticipated that nothing more would be the result, and that the attempt must speedily prove abortive. Our surprise was kindled into astonishment at the appearance of the first part; and more especially at the distinguished patronage by which it was supported. Since its publication, the bold and novel pretensions of the author have been sufficiently exposed*. It would be foreign from the general design of this journal, to enter minutely upon the subject: it will be sufficient to state the arguments upon which our convictions are founded, of the inadequacy of Mr. Bellamy to give us either a new or even a correct translation; and they are such as, we humbly conceive, amount in the result to absolute demonstration. We do not deny to this gentleman either

learning, talent, or ingenuity; we believe him to be possessed of considerable knowledge of this kind of learning; but we do maintain his want of judgment—of patient inquiry—and also of the sound critical skill which it necessarily demands. Every thing that he publishes is hastily and incorrectly executed†. His disqualifications for the task are simply these—1st. His total contempt for all authorities, however respectable and learned. 2d. His loose, extravagant, and fanciful conjectures, which he has foisted into the new translation. And 3dly, his egotism, dogmatical conceit, and consummate vanity. These are some of the brilliant corruptions which sparkle in almost every page.

Even persons who are but superficially acquainted with the Hebrew language, must know the danger to be apprehended from a neglect of former authorities. It arises from the genius of the language—from the paucity of its roots—and the different ramifications or branches which shoot forth from one original element. Pursuing the principle which seems to govern Mr. Bellamy's translation, which we suppose to be a strict comparison of texts from the Hebrew Concordance, in connection with the radical idea of each root; and allowing the principle to be correct, we cannot perceive the advantage of indulging a visionary imagination, in opposition to all authority. A lover of Hebrew points and accents, with this fancy, is to us altogether unaccountable. Mr. Hyman Hurwitz, who appears from this publication, to be a respectable and learned Jew, very justly reasons on the pretensions of Mr. Bellamy, and his total disregard of former translations.—

"Such then was the esteem in which this sacred volume was held by the Jews. Nor have Christians valued it less. In every age have they shewn a laudable zeal to uphold the veneration to which it is so justly entitled. Many of their most pious, and most learned men, have studied the language in which it was originally written, in order to make themselves acquainted with its precious contents, and to transmute them into their respective languages. Numerous are the translations they have made in various countries, and in various ages; still more numerous are the comments which they have written. Differing from the Jews in particular doctrines, it is no wonder that they should have given a different interpretation and application to many prophetic passages which they had considered as having reference to such doctrines. But still, in the main, there

is a unanimity respecting the literal sense, and the verbal interpretation of the sacred text, between the followers of the two religions, the more remarkable, considering the unreasonable, but deadly hatred, which formerly subsisted between them. In short, it may safely be said, that no object of knowledge has ever engaged the intellect of mankind so long, so generally, so intensely, or in so many various directions and points of view, as the Old Testament.

"A book, then, that has thus commanded the veneration of the most enlightened part of mankind—a book, that has had so many translators, so many commentators—a book, that has been read by millions of good and wise men, though of opposite religious persuasions, with profit and delight—a book, whose ordinances and precepts are still religiously observed by a whole nation—such a book, must surely be understood; at least as to the equivalence of the words to those of other languages adopted as their correspondents!—Should, therefore, any man rise and say, I allow every thing that can be said in its commendation; I allow its authenticity, its integrity, and its divine origin; but I maintain that this book has hitherto been a dead letter; that the Jewish and Christian translators, have been ignorant of the rudiments of the language in which it is written; and that they have, consequently, given us the misinterpretation of men instead of the word of God;—we certainly should question his sanity."

For loose and extravagant interpretations, and the indulgence of bold speculations, we need only refer our readers to the parts of this Bible already published—the examples are prolific and abundant. If translators are thus to come forward, to sanction the evils of infidelity by giving conjectural and fanciful alterations of the sacred text, we have no hesitation in asserting, that in a few ages more such labourers as Mr. Bellamy would remove its authority altogether; and they would then easily accomplish what the votaries of unbelief so ardently desire. But we are fully certain, that all such attempts must sink into their merited oblivion.

The dogmatism of this new and learned translator, is extremely disagreeable and offensive. We always conceived that modesty was nearly allied to greatness of talent, especially if supported by learning and piety; it is certainly a requisite qualification in a translator of the Bible. His pretensions, however, to superior knowledge, and his telling the world that he is the only Hebrew scholar existing, and the first that has appeared for many ages, together with his attacks upon the authorized version, must excite the compassion, if not the indignation, of the truly learned and enlightened mind.

* We refer to the able and critical remarks published in the Quarterly and the Eclectic Reviews—and for proofs of the excellence and integrity of our version, to a work lately published by a Rev. Mr. Todd.

† We have seldom read a work, more incorrect, than Mr. Bellamy's reply to the Quarterly Review: to that publication alone we might refer, as a proof of incapacity; it is full of blunders, and dreadful mistakes.

Such pretensions, are proofs only of quackery—and never can be admitted but by those who are led astray by the temerity of the design, and the novelty of the execution; and to such we may fairly consign his labours.

Mr. Hurwitz, in this defence of the Hebrew scriptures and of the authorized version, very properly examines a variety of passages in the new translation, and shews the absurdity and folly of Mr. Bellamy's hypotheses. Some extraneous matter, and a few coarse expressions, might have been omitted; and yet the work contains much useful information. Several remarks occur of a grammatical kind, that may be useful to the Hebrew scholar; and the detection of Mr. B.'s plagiarism as drawn from *Walter Cross's Taghmical Art*, is no less singular than conclusive, of the defective attainments of our new translator. His opinion of the Hebrew primitives not being trilateral; that many of them proceed from the simple to the compound, and the examples adduced, are deserving notice; but the ideas are not new †: the same principle has been pursued to a considerable extent, though it has not met with much attention. Upon the whole, we recommend the perusal of this work to the Hebrew student, and to all such as feel interested in the controversy about the merits of Mr. Bellamy's new translation ‡. As far as our judgment goes, the author has done us an incalculable service: he has shut the mouth of many a babbling, who inveighed against our translation; and has also, perhaps unwittingly, silenced the *Jewish* objector, who used to deny the validity of the Old Testament, as cited by us from the English version. No man could have answered Bellamy so well as Hurwitz, being so well qualified by Hebrew Philology and Rabbinical research. He has displayed much learning and profound investigation; he has done two things at once: evinced his own knowledge, and exhibited his antagonist's ignorance. Whilst with the resistless torrent of overwhelming argument, he washes away the unsightly fragments of mutilated grammar and murdered Hebrew, strewn on Judah's shores by half Philistine hands, he so sparkles in his course, so enlivens and diversifies by his humour, that he makes the wilderness of Controversy, "to rejoice and blossom as the rose." Nor must we omit to notice the latitude and liberality, which he so frequently and so plainly manifests towards his fellow labourers in the same mine, though not always of the same mind. The sons of Judah cannot but venerate him; and ungrateful or undiscerning must that Christian be, who does not highly appreciate and cordially thank him.

† Vide *Holloway's Originals*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1751.

‡ There is a new translation of the Old Testament, with critical notes, now publishing by Dr. Boothroyd, 2 vols. of which are completed. It takes the received version, as the basis of authority; and the emendations are illustrated by copious notes. It is far superior to the work of Mr. Bellamy, though destitute of any distinguished patronage.

Valerius; a Roman Story. Edinb. 1821. 3 vols. 12mo.

That a great change has taken place in the system of novel-writing may be premised, without any pretensions to superior critical acumen. The long day of long-winded romances yielded to the sentimental approximations to real life; and that style in turn gave way to, or at least became largely combined with, stories of roguery and humour. The heroics of folly, and the whinnies of maudlin sensibility, had long submitted to a more natural course; and Le Sage and Fielding had reformed the world of fiction; to a great degree, before their splendid competitor of the north arose to bestow the highest elevation upon this species of composition.

The effect which he has produced is amazing: he seems to have almost annihilated the prolific genus of novel trash! We do not mean to affirm that there are no bad novels now: our groaning table bears intolerable testimony to the reverse; but there is, even in the worst, a superior aim; and the lowest circulating bubbles of the present time would stand nearly on a level with the best of twenty years ago.

It is to the spirit thus generated that we owe *Valerius*—a tale evidently written by a hand of the finer order. It is a production of classical intelligence; and though we cannot say *nunquam dormiat Homerus*, we may truly state, that the waking merits of this author very far overbalance his occasional noddings. There is however a strange alloy of baser metal with his gold, and we are often startled at vulgarisms which deform his noblest descriptions*.

The scene is laid in Rome, in the reign of Trajan; and the most interesting parts of the story hinge on his persecutions of the Christians. *Valerius*, a noble Roman, though the son of a British lady, and born in Britain, is invited to the eternal city by his relation, the forensic orator Licinius, for the purpose of claiming the patrimony of his ancestors. He sets out, accompanied by his slave Boto, a sort of inferior Gurth; and on his voyage forms an intimacy with a centurion named Sabinius. At Rome itself he becomes acquainted not only with Licinius, but with his son Sextus; with Xerophrates, a philosopher, his tutor; with Rubellia, a young patrician widow, whom Sextus is destined to marry; with Sempronius, a beautiful girl beloved by Sextus; and with Athanasia, her cousin, who has been secretly converted to the new faith, and with whom *Valerius* also

* What, for instance, can be in worse taste (and it is still more conspicuous from its contrasts in this work), than the following account of an orator in the forum:—"That old creature is, indeed, possessed of much natural shrewdness, but the asperity of his temper is such, that I am sure you could not have listened to him for many minutes without great disgust. In fact, he is excessively bitter, from observing that his reputation is rather eclipsed by some other younger people, and looks for all the world like some old worn-out and discarded cat, grinning from the top of the wall at the amorous dalliance in which his faithless mistress is indulging some sleeker rival of the whisker."!!!

falls in love. There are besides many other characters; but these, with Dromio, an intriguing slave attached to Sextus, and Pona, a sorceress, are the most prominent. We shall not pursue the intricacies of the plot, which have little of *prentiss* attraction; the main feature being its attempt to familiarize us with Roman manners at the close of the first century. And in this a very considerable extent of information is displayed—information the more pleasing, because we are not aware of any similar performance worthy of notice in the English language, though some successful efforts at the delineation of the ancients in their daily and common affairs have been made on the continent. Among these, the *Sabina*, lately published by Boettiger, and referring to the same period, is one of the greatest research; Burmann's *Vestigalia*, Winkelmann's, and other works, being rather scholastic disquisitions than illustrations connected by an invented fable; and the *Ex gestis Romanorum Historiæ Notabiles*, and *de Re Vestaria*, &c. merely books of studious enquiry, to which, by the way, our author is deeply indebted. We find it hardly possible to treat this novel as a novel; and yet it would occupy too large a space to examine it critically as a classic. Nor would it, with all its excellence in that respect, stand the test of very rigorous examination. Boto, the British slave, A. D. 110, with boots flapping about his heels, is, we suspect, in an imaginary dress; and we are not sure about the knockers on the doors of Rome. But we have no doubt that talking of the Spanish Peninsula is an anachronism; and that Roman nobles "tipping the wink to," and "quizzing" each other; and Roman valets "*blowing* the private proceedings" of philosophers, are out of all keeping. In short, it is sometimes apparent, that the sketches of the Tiber have been taken on the Thames; and that London has *sat* for the view of Rome, in spite of the grand Roman features of the architecture.

Perhaps we might suggest, that the subject rather of too sacred a cast to be united with fiction; and that there is an affectation of quaintness in the phraseology, which abounds with such terms as "of a surety," "of a truth," "be sure," &c. &c.; but there are so many redeeming qualities, that it would be unjust not to ascribe to the whole that superiority which it challenges over the vast majority of publications of the same class.

Valerius' separation from his only remaining parent, strikes us in the opening:

"I cannot (says he) pretend to regret the accident which immediately afterwards separated me from the most gentle of mothers—alas! never to see her more upon the earth. Yet, how deeply was the happiness of my returning hour stained and embittered by that sorrowful privation! There was a void in my heart, which it was long before even the fulness of conjugal devotion could entirely fill up and satisfy. In losing her, I had lost the last and strongest link that connected my contemplation of the present with my memory of the past. My early years of infancy and boyhood now existed for nobody but myself; and I could scarcely bear to

look back upon them, now that those eyes were closed for ever, in whose watchful light all their safety and almost all their happiness had consisted. But I was still young, and had bright hopes before me, that ere long withdrew my attention from the dark places of recollection. It is the common rule of nature, that our parents should precede us to the grave; and it is also her rule, that our grief for them should not be of such power as to prevent us from entering, after they are gone, into a zealous participation both of the business and the pleasures of life. Yet, in all well regulated spirits, the influence of that necessary and irremediable deprivation, however time may sooth and soften it, has a deep and an enduring resting-place. In the midst of the noisiest, busiest hours of after-life, the memory of that buried tenderness rises up ever and anon to remind us of the instability of all human things, and wins rather than warns us to a deliberate contemplation of futurity. Such is the gentle and abiding effect of that, at first sight, grievous and altogether intolerable affliction. Now, indeed, that every day brings to me some new testimonial of the near approach of my own dissolution, I have begun to regard all these things with another eye, and to find, in the contemplation of my reunion with the dear friends I have lost, a far more than sufficient consolation for the inconvenience occasioned to me by reason of their temporary absence. But it must yet be long ere the course of nature shall bring this last source of happiness near to your eyes, and teach you, as I have of late been taught, how near to each other at times may be found not only the physical effects but the proximate causes of pleasure and of pain."

The beauty of the description of his first impressions on shipboard, claims for that passage also a brief extract.

"For the first three or four days, indeed, I was so heavily afflicted with this malady, occasioned by the motion of the vessel, that I could bestow but little attention on any external object; my eyes were so confused and dazzled, that I saw nothing beyond the corner of the deck, on which, for the sake of open air, I had caused my carpets to be laid; and a few ejaculations to Castor and Pollux were all the articulate sounds that I uttered. By degrees, however, the weight of my depression began to be somewhat alleviated; and at intervals, more particularly during the night watches, if I was not altogether in possession of myself, I was at least well enough to enjoy a sort of giddy and half-drunken delight, in watching the dark billows as they rose and retreated from the beak of the ship; the continual dash and roar with which they heaved and writhed, like some innumerable route of tormented and infuriated monsters; the angry groan with which they received the plunging keel, and the sullen mutterings of disappointed wrath, with which their broken strength was afterwards heard growling behind the high poop on which I reclined."

His approach to, and first morning view of Rome, are also superb descriptions; but the account of an exhibition of combats, and

of the execution of Thraso, a Christian, at the amphitheatre, furnish us with the most continuous examples of powerful writing.

"Such was the enormous crowd of human beings, high and low, assembled therein, that when any motion went through their assembly, the noise of their rising up or sitting down could be likened to nothing, except, perhaps, the far-off sullen roaring of the limitless sea, or the rushing of a great night-wind amongst the boughs of a forest. It was the first time that I had ever seen a peopled amphitheatre—nay, it was the first time that I had even seen any very great multitude of men assembled together, within any fabric of human erection; so that you cannot doubt there was, in the scene before me, enough to impress my mind with a very serious feeling of astonishment—not to say of veneration. Not less than eighty thousand human beings, (for such they told me was the stupendous capacity of the building) were here met together. Such a multitude can no where be regarded, without inspiring a certain indefinite indefinable sense of majesty; least of all, when congregated within the wide sweep of such a glorious edifice as this, and surrounded on all sides with every circumstance of ornament and splendour, befitting an everlasting monument of Roman victories, the munificence of Roman princes, and the imperial luxury of universal Rome. Judge then, with what eyes of wonder all this was surveyed by me, who had but of yesterday, as it were, emerged from the solitary stillness of a British valley—who had been accustomed all my life to consider as among the most impressive of human spectacles, the casual passage of a few scores of legionaries, through some dark alley of a wood, or awe-struck village of barbarians. Trajan himself was already present, but in no wise, except from the canopy over his ivory chair, to be distinguished from the other Consul that sat over against him."

"The proclamation being repeated a second time, a door on the right hand of the arena was laid open, and a single trumpet sounded, as it seemed to me, mournfully, while the gladiators marched in with slow steps, each man—naked, except being girt with a cloth about his loins—bearing on his left arm a small buckler, and having a short straight sword suspended by a cord around his neck. They marched, as I have said, slowly and steadily; so that the whole assembly had full leisure to contemplate the forms of the men; while those who were, or who imagined themselves to be skilled in the business of the arena, were fixing, in their own minds, on such as they thought most likely to be victorious, and laying wagers concerning their chances of success, with as much unconcern as if they had been contemplating so many irrational animals, or rather, indeed, I should say, so many senseless pieces of ingenious mechanism. The wide diversity of complexion and feature exhibited among these devoted gladiators, afforded at once a majestic idea of the extent of the Roman empire, and a terrible one of the purposes to which that wide sway had too often been made subservient.

The beautiful Greek, with a countenance of noble serenity, and limbs after which the sculptors of his country might have modelled their god-like symbols of graceful power, walked side by side with the yellow-bearded savage, whose gigantic muscles had been nerved in the freezing waves of the Elbe or the Danube; or whose thick strong hair was congealed and shagged on his brow with the breath of Scythian or Scandinavian winters. Many fierce Moors and Arabs, and curled Ethiopians were there, with the beams of the southern sun burnt in every various shade of swarthesness upon their skins. Nor did our own remote island want her representatives in the deadly procession, for I saw among the armed multitude—and that not altogether without some feelings of more peculiar interest—two or three giant barbarians, whose brows and shoulders bore uncouth marks of blue and purple, so vivid in the tints, that I thought many months could not have elapsed since they must have been wandering in wild freedom along the native ridges of some Silurian or Caledonian forest. As they moved around the arena, some of these men were saluted by the whole multitude with noisy acclamations, in token, I supposed, of the approbation wherewith the feats of some former festival had deserved to be remembered. On the appearance of others, groans and hisses were heard from some parts of the Amphitheatre, mixed with contending cheers and huzzas from others of the spectators. But by far the greater part were suffered to pass on in silence;—this being in all likelihood the first—alas! who could tell whether it might not also be the last day of their shaming in that fearful exhibition."

Their masters paired them shortly, and in succession they began to make proof of their fatal skill. At first, Scythian was matched against Scythian—Greek against Greek—Ethiopian against Ethiopian—Spaniard against Spaniard; and I saw the sand dyed beneath their feet with blood streaming from the wounds of kindred hands. But these combats, although abundantly bloody and terrible, were regarded only as preludes to the serious business of the day, which consisted of duels between Europeans on the one side, and Africans on the other; wherein it was the well-nigh intransgressible law of the Amphitheatre, that at least one out of every pair of combatants should die on the arena before the eyes of the multitude. Instead of shrinking from the more desperate brutalities of these latter conflicts, the almost certainty of their fatal termination seemed only to make the assembly gaze on them with a more intense curiosity, and a more inhuman measure of delight. Methinks I feel as if it were but of yesterday, when, sickened with the protracted errors of a conflict, that seemed as if it were never to have an end, although both the combatants were already covered all over with hideous gashes,—I at last bowed down my head, and clasped my hands upon my eyes, to save them from the torture of gazing thereon farther."

"At that instant all were silent, in the contemplation of the breathless strife; inasmuch, that a groan, the first that had escaped from either of the combatants, although low and reluctant, and half-suppressed, sounded quite distinctly amid the deep hush of the assembly, and being constrained thereby to turn mine eyes once more downwards, I beheld that, at length, one of the two had received the sword of his adversary quite through his body, and had sunk before him upon the sand. A beautiful young man was he that had received this harm, with fair hair, clustered in glossy ringlets upon his neck and brows; but the sickness of his wound was already visible on his drooping eye-lids, and his lips were pale, as if the blood had rushed from them to the untimely outlet. Nevertheless, the Moorish gladiator who had fought with him, had drawn forth again his weapon, and stood there, awaiting in silence the decision of the multitude, whether at once to slay the defenceless youth, or to assist in removing him from the arena, if perchance the blood might be stopped from flowing, and some hope of recovery even yet extended to him. Hereupon there arose, on the instant, a loud voice of contention; and it seemed to me as if the wounded man regarded the multitude with a proud, and withal a contemptuous glance, being aware, without question, that he had executed all things so as to deserve their compassion, but aware, moreover, that even had that been freely vouchsafed to him, it was too late for any hope of safety. But the cruelty of their faces, it may be, and the loudness of their cries, were a sorrow to him, and filled his dying breast with loathing. Whether or not the haughtiness of his countenance had been observed by them with displeasure, I cannot say; but so it was, that those who had cried out to give him a chance of recovery, were speedily silent, and the Emperor looking round, and seeing all the thumbs turned downwards, (for that is, you know, the signal of death,) was constrained to give the sign, and forthwith the young man, receiving again without a struggle the sword of the Moor into his gashed bosom, breathed forth his life, and lay stretched out in his blood upon the place of guilt. With that a joyous clamour was uplifted by many of those that looked upon it, and the victorious Moor being crowned with an ivy garland, was carried in procession around the arena by certain young men, who leaped down for that purpose from the midst of the assembly. In the mean time, those that had the care of such things, dragged away, with a filthy hook, the corpse of him that had been slain; and then, raking up the sand over the blood that had fallen from him, prepared the place, with indifferent countenances, for some other cruel tragedy of the same kind,—while all around me, the spectators were seen rising from their places, and saluting each other; and there was a buzz of talking as universal as the silence had been during the combat; some speaking of it, and paying and receiving money lost and won upon its issue; some already laughing merrily, and discoursing concerning other mat-

ters, even as if nothing uncommon had been witnessed; while others again appeared to be entirely occupied with the martial music which ever struck up majestically at such pauses in the course of the cruel exhibition; some beating time upon the benches before them, others lightly joining their voices in unison with the proud notes of the trumpets and clarions."

To this ensues combats with wild beasts: and lastly there is a most noble, though somewhat theatrical picture, of the death of Thraso.

"The arena was perfectly vacant, when I looked down upon it; but in a short time, a single old man, who, as Rubellia told me, had, without doubt, been found guilty of some atrocious wickedness, was led forth from a small wicket on the one side, and presently his fetters being struck off, those that conducted him retired, leaving him alone upon the sand. The eyes of this malefactor refused at first to look steadfastly on the objects around him, and it seemed to me that he had probably been long confined in some dark place, so grievously did the dazzling splendour, reflected from the floor and walls, appear to bewilder and confound him. Nevertheless, after a brief space, he seemed, in some measure, to recover himself, and assumed a posture of calm resignation, leaning with one hand against the parapet, as if he needed support to uphold himself. Pallid and extenuated were the outlines of the old man's visage, and his hair and beard exhibited not a little of the squalidness attendant on long and hopeless confinement; yet there was something in the attitude, and even in the countenance, of the man, which made me harbour the suspicion that he had not, at some former period, been altogether unacquainted with the luxuries and refinements of social life. The beauty, indeed, of the mould in which his form had originally been cast, might, perhaps, have been the sole cause of these casual demonstrations of elegance; yet it was impossible not to regard the man with greater interest, by reason of the contrast which imagination could suggest between what he once might have been, perhaps had been, and what he now was." Various forms are gone through, and this victim, Thraso, the christian, refusing to deny his God, is devoted to Jupiter. These examples will illustrate the author; and perhaps we can do nothing more effectual towards the recommendation of his work. It is interspersed with poetical effusions, of which we are also bound by the laws of reviewing to give specimens. The following is a Delian chant sung in the temple of Apollo.

"The moon, the moon is thine, O night,
Not altogether dark art thou;
Her trembling crescent sheds its light,
Trembling and pale, upon thine ancient brow.

The moon is thine, and round her orb
A thousand sweet stars minister,
Whose twinkling rays dark wells absorb,
And all the wide seas drink them far and near.
They kiss the wide sea, and swift smiles
Of gladness o'er the waters creep;
Old hoary rocks rejoice, and isles,
And there is glory on the slumbering deep.

A far—along the black hill's side,
Right blithe of heart the wanderers go,
While that soft radiance, far and wide,
Gleams on the winding streams and woods below.

And gaily for the fragile bark,
Through the green waves its path is shorn,
When all the murmurs of the dark
Cold sea lie calm'd beneath that gliding horn.
Yet hark, ye glittering streaks, that lie
The eastern mountain tops upon!
Hail, ye deep blushes of the sky,
That speak the coming of the bridegroom sun!

Hail to the healing beam of day,
That rouses every living thing!
The forest gulphs confess thy way,
And upon freshening branches glad birds sing.
And loathsome forms, that crept unseen
Beneath the star-light faint and wan,
Cower in their brakes the thorns between,
Dreading that fervid eye, and its sure scan
Triumphant—Welcome life and light!
Sing rocks and mountains, plain and sea;
Fearful, though lovely, was the night,
Hail to more perfect beauty—hail to *THEE*!"

A legend of Atys also appears to us to be more poetical and worthy of quoting than any of the other verses.

"Now is he come unto the Phrygian sea—
Below him, on the waste and yellow shore,
The mighty billows everlastingly
Dash, like devouring monsters—dash and roar.

"He gazes wide for hope, but hope is none—
For, even like the beasts from whom he flies,
The named billows seem from him to groan;
Madness is in their foam and in their cries."

"Fly, Atys, fly,
The car is nigh;
The haunted wood
O'erhangs the flood;
The heavy breeze
Is in the trees;
The fierce waves leap
Upon the steep.
Yet fly, mad Atys, fly, and bear
Her lions roaring nearer, and more near.
Fly, Atys, fly!"

"Unto the forest wilt thou turn again?
Free paths and wide, mad Atys, wait thee there.
Fly where the oak boughs droop upon the plain,
Fly, where beneath the pines the earth lies bare.
"Plunge, Atys, plunge into the reverend gloom
Of the most ancient bearded wilderness;
No hope is there of shelter from thy doom,
Yet haste, young Atys, haste thee not the less.

"Fly, Atys, fly!
The car is nigh,
The solitude
Of the black wood
Hath coverts good,
Where many a brood
Of beast and fowl
May scream and howl.
But no dark lair
For thee is there,
No shelter kind
Thy feet shall find—
Fly, Atys, fly, and in thine car
Be still the lion-roar near, and more near.
Fly, Atys, fly!"

And again:
"Black—black and lazy rolls the Farnyædon
(The great Pamphylian river) to the sea;
Full many a dusky shadow rests thereon,
From rock and old suspending hoary tree.
"Upon the margin of the heavy stream,
With rustling oak-leaves scatter'd red and green,

Stands the wan Phrygian boy, as in a dream,
Worn out and wasted with his wild career.

'Above him, like a pale and shivering sprite,
The moon glides in the melancholy sky;
While ever and anon the winds of night,
Amidst the bare bleak branches, groan and
sigh.

'How long, mad Atys, wilt thou stand,
With fixed eye, and folded hand;
Nor hear what terrors are behind
On the dreary mourning wind?
Mother, 'tis not the voice of the black river,
Rolling slow to ocean ever—
Mother, 'tis not the whisper of the breeze
To the grey brotherhood of trees.

On flows the ware, the night-blast swells and
dies;

But, vainly from thy Car, mad Atys flies!

But the adventures of Valerius lead him
into other than Pagan places. He is sur-
prised among the secret Christians, in the
tomb of the Sempronii. Cotilius their leader,
is executed for treason, and even Athanasia
condemned to die. By means, almost mi-
raculous, her escape is effected from the
catacombs; she takes shelter in the
palace of Trajan; she takes shelter in the
catacombs, and finally sails for Britain, the
wife of the converted Valerius. His friend
Sextus weds Sempronia, and Sabinus the
widow Rubellia.

On looking back to the whole effect, we
feel, that in the first and third volumes it is
uncommonly powerful; and we are con-
vinced that Valerius will not fail to please
general readers, while it presents a picture
of great interest and novelty to every per-
son of taste and learning, who must ap-
preciate the skill with which these qualifi-
cations are expended by a modern British pen
on an ancient Roman story. Human nature
is always the same, though varied by times
and circumstances; and therefore we may
readily grant nearly all that the writer asks
us to believe, notwithstanding the domestic
habits of a fierce, warlike, and barbarous
people, must have been so widely different
from those of more civilized ages, and
especially in nations operated upon by the
mild doctrines of Christianity.

It may strike readers, that the characters
are formed a good deal on prototypes, fur-
nished by the author of Waverley; and,
indeed, there are some strong family line-
aments in Pona and Meg Merrilies, Boto and
Gurth, Xerophastes and Dominic Sampson.
The amphitheatre scene is of the same kind
with the tournament in Ivanhoe; and there
are many passages in these volumes, which
would not disparage the great unknown him-
self; though, we think, there are other parts
which even in his most careless mood, he
could not have written. The author pre-
serves his incognito; he is a very able man,
and has executed a difficult task with no
mean success.

*The Works of the late Richard Brinsley
Sheridan.* 2 vols. 8vo. Lond. 1821.

To those to whom the paltry sum of twenty-eight shillings is no object, this publication will not appear so pretty a job, as it may to worthy persons who look at both sides of a guinea before they part with it, and

scrutinize sovereigns ere they discharge them
from their purses, with as deep attention as
if the conduct of a reigning monarch, and
not the value of a coin, were the matter in
deliberation. Thus situated in regard to price,
The Works of Sheridan, here collected, have
about as high a claim to honour on the score
of literature. Persons who have never read,
1st. *The Rivals*, 2d. *St. Patrick's Day*, 3d.
The Duenna, 4th. *A Trip to Scarborough*,
5th. *The School for Scandal*, 6th. *The Camp*,
7th. *The Critic*; and 8th. *Pizarro*, will be
utterly astonished at the novelties contained
in these volumes! They consist of an ad-
vertisement of eight pages, and a more cor-
rect copy of the lines to Mrs. Crewe, with
the *School for Scandal*, than we remember to
have seen before. The former is from the
pen of Mr. T. Moore, one of Southey's Sa-
tanic School of Poets; and herein justifying
that classification, by deceiving us as com-
pletely as could the father of deceit himself. As
this is, notwithstanding, the only original
thing in these bald octavos; and as common
readers, being content with the eight dramas
at their old cost of one shilling each, may
not think it worth while to give twenty
shillings extra for its perusal, we shall con-
fine our remarks to the advertisement, or
rather apology, lamenting that Mr. Moore
should have lent his name to give even the
semblance of attraction to a book-making
trick.

All the literary world will recollect with
how much diligence there has been announced,
for several years past, among works prepar-
ing for publication, and in the press, the *Life*
of Sheridan, by Moore; and the consequent
anxiety with which the biography of so re-
markable a man was anticipated, from the
hand of another individual of like celebrity.
They will partake of our disappointment,
when they cast their eyes upon the present
work; which, to borrow the expressive word
of Burrell, in the Vicar of Wakefield, is all
Fudge, and the very worse sample of the
Fudge Family. It sets out with the very
candid admission, that "In sending forth
this collection of the Works of Mr. Sheridan,
without the life of the author, by which it
was to have been accompanied, it is but right
to explain some of the reasons of such an
omission to the public."

The first excuse is the absence of the
author from England; a reason, which if
good for any thing, ought to have prevented
the continuation of the announcements to
which we have referred; but the truth is,
(and though we notice it in this particular
instance, we mean to express our indigna-
tion at the practice wherever it exists, and
which does exist to a very great extent,)
that this, like nine cases out of ten, was
merely a practical illustration of the dog in
the manger, who could not eat the hay him-
self, yet would not let the horse eat it. It is
not because they have begun, or are doing
the thing, but that it may happen that they
have the inclination to do it some time or
other, that writers often endeavour thus to
narrow the field of literature, by asserting
that they have advanced in works, which they
desire to prevent others from beginning: it

is a thoughtless; if not a base and cruel act;
and we trust, that being now brought before
the public tribunal, the offence will hence-
forward be less frequently repeated.

Mr. Moore proceeds:—"In attempting,
indeed, such a memorial of one who has but
just disappeared from among us—of whom
all is remembered, both the evil and the
good, and whose fame has not yet undergone
that purifying process, by which Time re-
moves such light and casual spots, as may
have fallen upon the shining names selected
to adorn his annals—the biographer has a
task of no common difficulty to perform.
Whatever advantages he may possess in the
freshness and authenticity of his materials,
derived either from personal knowledge, or
the many living sources to which he can
refer, are heavily counterbalanced by that
multitude of opinions and prejudices—still
actively surviving the object of their var-
iance—which he has to encounter and consult
both in seeking and speaking the truth. In
many instances, too, he finds the memory,
which he would wish to honour (as Cicero
found the tomb of Archimedes, 'sepium va-
pibus et dumetia') beset with imputations
which, however trifling, disfigure its gran-
deur, and which the hand of oblivion alone
can gently and effectually clear away."

Upon this argument we shall only observe,
that if Mr. Moore's task had been to pro-
nounce a panegyric upon Mr. Sheridan, no-
thing could be more conclusive; but if his
object were really to give his memoir to the
world, then nothing could be advanced to
throw greater discredit upon their authen-
ticity. We know of no use of biography, which is
to have all its spots removed—which is to be
all sun—and which is to be brilliant at the
expense of truth, and only grand through
the agency of oblivion. If such is to be
Moore's *Life of Sheridan*, he had better leave
him to the more honest pen of Watkins; and
that such is his design, if ever executed at
all, may be gathered from the subsequent
reasoning.

"There are also, (says he) perhaps, some
further reasons why, in sketching the por-
traits of distinguished men, a biographer
should not be too near his subjects. What
he gains in minuteness and precision of de-
tail, he may lose in the general effect of the
whole; and, instead of that comprehensive
delineation of character which catches bio-
graphy, even more than history, to be called
'Philosophy teaching examples,' his
views may be limited, partial, and misrepre-
sented; he may dwell upon foibles till he be-
comes blind to virtues; and, in recording
only the littlenesses of the great, he may
resemble one who would give us a map of the
narrow lanes and passages of Constantinople,
instead of a splendid panorama of its
seas, its temples, and its palaces."

A sort of apology is tacked to this doc-
trine, which is exactly what Hamlet read
when interrupted by Polonius, "words"; for
the broad fact of postponing the life, may be
to the Greek Calenda, is more convincing on
the one side, than a whole folio of weak
declamation could be on the other. But
another ground is alleged, the most extror-

inary of all, and which seems to belong to that species of logic which has been called *bull*: it is contended, that *delay* was expedient, because no small degree of *impatience* existed in the public for the appearance of the work. As we do not find that we could satisfactorily enter upon this part of the question, we shall e'en shut the book, and leave it to those who buy it, as the best and newest nut they will find to crack for their one pound eight shillings.

Sketches from St. George's Fields. By Giordione di Castel Chiuso. Second Series. London, 1821. 12mo. pp. 287.

The writer of these St. George's Fields Sketches is, we are told, a Mr. Bailey; and we are rather sorry to think that a man of his talents should have had opportunity to study the subject so closely, and judgement so mis-directed as to detail his observations so minutely. We gave his first series the praise it deserved: the design was new, and the execution piquant. But we may have too much even of a good thing; and it is not difficult to have too much of a bad.

The inmates of a gaol, whether the victims of vice or of misfortune, are but indifferently suited for full length portraits. The feelings excited in the mind on contemplating them are disgust at the wicked, pity for the unfortunate: we can hardly find a ludicrous trait, or a comic association, in a group of hundreds. It is for these reasons that we think the author wrong in having pursued his theme through a second long poem; and wasted abilities which might have adorned a better choice, on follies and miseries which would "make even angels weep."

With our general objection to his work, we shall yet do him the justice of a few quotations to show how he has performed it. The prisoners are thus described.

Let but the sober mind reflect awhile,
What various inmates meet within that pile;
Let it, tho' vague and loose, some thought bestow

On the mixed causes of that scene of woe.
O think, whoe'er thou art, whom business calls,
Or curiosity, within those walls,

That scarce a wretch thou seest, now pale and wan,

But life with hopes as gay as thine began.

Think, in that vast amalgam of distress,
What strange ingredients the laws combine;

Adverse rashly married, ambition sated;
Painful but unskilled labour overtoiled;

The generous purpose thwarted, dreams of bliss,
Dream'd on the brink of dark despair's abyss;

Each hope for ever blasted; every tie
Severed, and bleeding every artery;

The shack of Vanity, the fall of Pride,
And vice in punishment to vice allied;

Some rising o'er their shame, some bristled,
Some Debt and Debtors compared with Cheas.

The world its trite opinions holds of those,
That in a world apart these walls inclose;

And thus, methinks, some sage, whose wisdom frames

Old saws anew, complacently exclaims,
"Debt is like death—it levels all degrees;

Their prey with Death's fell grasp the bailiffs seize;

And debtors, once in prison, low or high,
As in the grave, without distinction lie.
Have you not seen upon the chequer'd plain
Two foes the mimic war of chess maintain?
As each is bent the movement to combine,
To guard his own, or pierce the adverse line,
Each in his turn some slight advantage wins,
But soon the horror of the fight begins;
As feints are tried, and stratagems explored,
Piece after piece is swept from off the board;
Falls foremost in the war the lowly pawn,
And now the proud and mitred lord of lawn;
Now yields the solid rook, nor can the knight
'scape by his bound the fortune of the fight;
And lo! the bag of verdant baize receives
Each piece that, forced, the scene of action leaves;

And there in sad captivity they lie,
The common man, and piece of dignity,
Cut off from all that on the board may pass,
Confused and huddled up in one dark mass.
Such is the fate of debtors, one by one
Snapt up by some fell sheriff's myrmidon,
Snapt to the common receptacle, there
To lie, nor in the world without to share,
'Till opes the Insolvent's Act their prison door,
And sends them forth to play their game once more.

The following philosophical reflections are very just.

Few are the souls that here correction take,
And of grief's bitter-cup their medicine make.
Gloomy some minds become; morose and sour,
Some with impatience fret from hour to hour;
And in that soreness, like the caustic's fire,
The slightest touch is felt and moves to ire.
Those who look lightly on, nor in the place
Are wont the cause from its effects to trace,
Think that at times a change of atmosphere
Calls up this plague, or bids it disappear;
As tho' an epidemic madness ran

At periods thro' the place not made by man.
They have not marked how swiftly vegetate
In such a soil as this, the seeds of hate;
How the mind ravines in its discontent,
How the wild passions in the heart ferment,
And swell, and fume within their dark abode,
Like the mine's fire-damp ready to explode.

Many portraits are drawn, but they lose their interest from the originals being unknown. The 3d part is a well-done imitation of the style of Sir Walter Scott, and details the punishment by ducking, &c. of three runaways, called *bolters*, from the Rules. We shall conclude with a strange extract from such a place and publication, namely, a recipe to make a lobster salad.

Come, Thersyllis, and with washed hands prepare

The bowl of eating, or of Wedgwood's ware.

Then, on a cloth as white as drifted snow,

With care the known ingredients dispose.

My proper hand alone within the bowl

Shall mix the rapid mass, and crown the whole.

Three measured spoonfuls first of purest Oil

The flask must yield—the growth of Luscus's

These first with Salt the knowing artist blends,

(On this the union of the whole depends)

Then pungent Mustard add, then acid Wine;

And thus the adverse fluids so combine,

No oily spots the keenest eye may note,
That on the homogeneous liquid float.

Now Cayenne's generous warmth I add; and now

Of mace essence half a drop allow.
Now bring the Lobster o'er whose shell is spread

The mottled white amid the darkest red;
Crack well the crooked claw, and slit the tail,
And tear the thorax from its solid mail;
Extract the pulp, the coral too divide,
And place them all in order by my side.
Now the crisp Lettuce in the bowl I shred,
(Blanched Endive serves in winter in its stead;
Nor then the snowy Celery disdain);
Now from the Tyrrhene wave Anchovies twain
I add; and Gherkins slice, and buds of Caper
rain.

With these alternately the fish I spread,
And mingle with the white the coral's red;
And solid egg in even slices lay,
In which round yellow orbs white circles play;
Again the blended fluid in I throw,
And join at last the Beet-root's crimson glow.
Bring me, ye boasters of the angler's bliss,
E'en from your proudest spoils, a prey like this:
Or own that Walton's choicest triumph yields
To those we furnish in Saint George's Fields.

There are some very good designs, and well executed cuts.

THE BURMESE EMPIRE.

[*Cor's Journal, continued.*]

We concluded our last paper on this subject with the notice of the prints of Godoma's footsteps, exhibited at the pagoda of Gnyane.

Godoma is one (we have forgotten which) of the Avatars of Vishnu; and we rather suspect that Adam's footmark on the Peak, in Ceylon, is another of Godoma, or Gaudma's impressions; especially as the Burman monarch proposed to "write a private letter to the governor-general, to request a particular favour of him. The request was, to endeavour to obtain for him, from the king of Candy, one of the teeth of the Burman law-giver and demi-god, supposed to be deposited in the principal pagoda of Ceylon."

They also stated to Capt. C. that, "some years ago his majesty sent messengers to the king of Candy, to endeavour to obtain the tooth of Gaudma, which is deposited in the principal pagoda of Ceylon. The king of Candy returned him for answer, that he was prevented from sending it by the disturbances between the Dutch and English; but he has since written to his Burman majesty; that the English have conquered all the Dutch settlements of Ceylon, and that he is ready to send the tooth."

The subjoined anecdotes are illustrations of Burman characters.

The rayhoon (says Capt. C.) dined with me, and informed me that his majesty was much pleased with a fowling-piece I had sent him as a present; the rayhoon had also taken my bcastria musseck to shew him. This the shabonder slung on his shoulder and carried up to the pagoda to his majesty, who made his oblations at the pagoda with the water from it, opening it himself. The rayhoon described to his majesty a nutmeg-grater he had seen me use at table, and in his zeal to gratify his majesty's curiosity sent a messenger over at twelve o'clock at night, to request Mr. Moncourtaine to wake me and get the nutmeg-grater; but Mr. M. declined troubling me on such a trifling affair as so unseasonable an hour."

August 20. In the morning I sent my

Interpreter to make a last effort with the at-tawhoon of the palace, to deliver a letter from me to his majesty; but both of those he saw positively refused, saying, that they dared not. One of them said, his majesty's sword is too sharp; you see a rich man was beheaded but yesterday, without committing any fault. He then stated his case; the unfortunate man had been renter of a considerable district, and amassed wealth by oppression; complaints were lodged, he was tried, found guilty, mulcted, and declared incapable of serving his majesty, who ordered him to retire from court, and never appear before him again. Unfortunately for him, his ambition would not permit him to remain quiet in obscurity; his wealth enabled him to find patrons, and through them he twice petitioned his majesty for permission to reside at the capital, and be enrolled as one of his merchants; these petitions were rejected. He, notwithstanding persevered to a third attempt, and, to ensure success, offered a considerable bribe to one of his majesty's favourite daughters to present it, which she undertook. The king, on receiving the petition, was extremely enraged, and exclaimed, I have repeatedly ordered this villain not to presume to approach me; let him be immediately apprehended and confined. This order was given at four o'clock in the evening, and immediately executed. The man, too late dreading the effects of his majesty's wrath, immediately began to scatter his wealth among the royal family; money and jewels were sent to all such as were supposed to have influence; the bribes were received, and he was told not to suffer any apprehension; however, at seven, the same evening, his majesty ordered that he should be beheaded, and his property confiscated. The sentence was immediately carried into execution, and the myrmidons of the palace took possession of his property. His body is exposed above ground, pinned to the earth, where it is to rot; the king's doctor cut off the tip of his nose, ears, lips, tongue, and fingers, which, with some of his blood, is to form a compound in some medicine of wonderful efficacy in ensuring longevity, and prosperity to those who are so happy as to obtain a portion of it from his Majesty's bounty. This is one of the palace nostrums, of which there are many others equally mystic in the preparation, and wonderful in the operation; these his majesty occasionally dispenses to the credulous multitude. The fall of a rich man proves a source of revenue beyond the amount of his immediate assets. His books are carefully examined, and all whose names are there entered, whether the account has been settled or not, are sued for the full amount of the entry, and are obliged to pay the demand, without daring to demur or question the legality of the action.

This occurred when Captain Cox resided at Amarapoor, * whether he removed after his Golden Majesty left Mheghoon. At the same place he tells us (and it is strikingly illustrative of the customs of the people) "In the forenoon died one of the horses pre-

sented me by the whoonghees; the carcass was begged by the Burmahs to eat. The tribe of smiths, including all the artificers in metals, are particularly fond of horse-flesh, supposing it best calculated to recruit the strength wasted by working at their forges. Animals that have died from disease are, in general, eaten by the inhabitants of the country who are fond of flesh; but as metempsychosists, they are prohibited from killing animals for food. In this they resemble their neighbours the Chinese; and I apprehend this filthy custom of eating the flesh of diseased animals is the cause of a dreadful disorder which attacks the extremities with ulcerous sores, which soon mortify, and leave those who survive disgusting and mutilated objects. The beggars of the country are chiefly composed of this class, and wander about the country in groups; assembling at the feasts of the principal pagodas, where they are relieved by the bounty of the devout and humane. Coming up the river we met two or three squadrons of little boats belonging to these wretched pilgrims, going with their families to the southward; except these it is rare to see a beggar in the Burmah dominions. They seem to be licensed by their peculiar misfortune; the other poor, as far as I can learn, are subsisted at the haws or cottages of the poonghees; for which purpose, the poonghees of each monastery, make a procession early every morning to appropriated quarters of the town, to collect the donations of the charitable, which, in general, consist of boiled rice, vegetable curries, and fruit."

Others of their remarkable customs are thus described:

"In the morning a procession passed by from the fort to the river, consisting of several sets of country musicians and dancers, two files, said to be 500 each, of common people, with little earthen-pots and sprigs of trees in them, closed by the officers of the prince's household, in their court-dresses and on horseback. They went down to the river, filled their pots with water, and returned in the same order. This ceremonial of washing the prince's head occurs twice a year, when all the great men pay their court, and prisoners for trivial offences are liberated."

"May 10. This being the day of full-moon, several processions paraded the streets with votive offerings to the Burmah deities; and I had a long visit from two distant relations of the royal family. In the morning I sent to ask the engu's whoon about the brandy business, and, with his advice, sent a bottle immediately. It is intended, I am told, to make a lotion, the virtues of which are such, that whoever washes with it becomes invulnerable. This magical liquor is dispensed by the Enga Tekaing to his particular favourites."

"The king's grandson, † and presumptive heir to the throne, had a hut of the same construction as that of his majesty, built near his grandfather's, to denote the equality of his rank, or rather the rank to which the

dotage of his grandfather has raised him. He is about eleven or twelve years of age, has an extensive territory at his sole disposal, and a court composed of boys chosen from his playmates, who are denominated whoonghees, woodocks, &c.; the other princes of the blood are dispersed at short distances, above and below his majesty; and the army, if it may be so denominated, is scattered round them. If they amount to 10,000 men altogether, it is the outside."

"In the evening, the young chobwa and his associate called on me; he brought a female relation with him to hear the music, &c.; but, on this occasion, he offended against the rules of gallantry, for he took out of the young lady's betel box a love-letter in verse which had been sent her by one of her admirers, and, spite of all her intercessions, read it; and seemed to enjoy the poor girl's distress and confusion. As soon as he had returned the letter, she went away rather chagrined; I did not learn the cause till after they were both gone. It seems that all who aspire at gallantry in this country are obliged to court the muses, with what success I shall endeavour to learn; that they cultivate poetry, I knew before, having been promised the *History of Captain Symes's Embassy*, in verse, with several other pieces."

The Burmahs drink no wine, and the use of spirituous liquors is a capital crime: their style of living may be gathered from the account of a meal of one of their great men.

"His excellency requested my permission to go and eat his breakfast, and retired to a corner of the room behind me for that purpose; it was served up in coarse red lacquered trays, not better in appearance or quality than forms the fire of a common retail merchant who lives next door to me; being a large plate of coarse-boiled rice, with two or three cups of vegetable and fish curries sliced, cocoa-nut, and blatchong. He continued talking, during his meal, to various suitors who came in, and who maintained the same posture all the time they were speaking. After his meal, he rinsed his mouth with, and drank, water; he then smoked tobacco out of a pipe, the tube a perforated bamboo, five or six feet long, ornamented with a mouth-piece of gold, the bowl of earthen-ware looped with silver; the tobacco-leaf was unmanufactured, and broken into small pieces to fill the bowl, with a five coal of wood placed on it; after he had finished his pipe, he returned to his former seat."

Among the principal events at Court, the arrival and ceremonious introduction of a White Elephant, and the like circumstances attending an Assamese Princess, brought to the king to be one of his wives, figure most in the narrative; and indeed what would be larger revolutions in less despotic countries, pass over here as matters of course. For example: "August 13. This morning I learnt that his majesty had degraded the paccan and somba whoonghees, on account of some religious opinions respecting the candle

* About 45 days journey from Calcutta.

† Now, we believe the reigning monarch. En.

least. The pacaam whoonghee has been treated with particular severity; he has been turned out of his house, and deprived of all the insignia of his high rank. On account of this punishment, the guards at the palace-gates have been reinforced, and a stricter discipline ordained. Two seraghdohs, or pounghee bishops, have also been confined in irons. This severity, it is supposed, is occasioned by the intrigues of the mhee whoonghee, who aspires at the pacaam whoonghee's place. The pacaam is a venerable and respectable old man, and a general favourite, having filled the office of whoonghee with reputation ever since the first accession of the family of Alam-praw to the throne."

The king seems to have had no great affection for the priesthood in general. At one of the interviews which Mr. Burnett had with him.

"The conversation had taken a religious turn, in consequence of the examination of some of the heads of Keotom, or priests, which had passed the day before. It appears they had been found very ignorant, and his majesty was much dissatisfied with them. Among the observations that were made by him on the subject, he said, that he feared too many resorted to a religious life from a love of indolence; that he did not pretend to be learned in these matters himself, but, as the head of the religion of his dominions, it was his duty to see that those immediately intrusted with its rites were well informed; and in consequence he gave orders that candidates for the superiorities of keotoms should in future undergo a more strict examination. His courtiers insinuated a humble and profound silence, except when occasionally answering in the affirmative. It appears that his majesty is much dissatisfied with the present state of religion in his dominions, and meditates some great changes. He has found the priesthood in general miserably ignorant; even his arch-priest cannot satisfy his doubts. He says, they read over their canonical books, when they first enter on the monastic life, as a task imposed on school-boys; and although they have no other employment to engage their attention, they never afterwards investigate or inquire into the mystical meaning of their rites; so that they are totally unfit to instruct the people. Hence the various abuses that have crept into their religion; the building of small pagodas, the use of beads, &c., all of which are cloaks for hypocrisy, and unauthorized by the tenets of their ancient faith. These he means to forbid; also the practice of the pounghees taking servants with them to carry the provisions they collect in the morning, and to restrain the number of pounghees. These severe strictures and meditated reforms alarm his courtiers very much; they dare not remonstrate, and are afraid to obey."

In medicine their quackery is at least equal to their superstition in religion. Mr. Keys, the surgeon to the mission, was in high favour with them; at one of his visits to the Mayboon, who is a great alchemist, "His excellency produced a mixture of

drugs, which he had been preparing, which was to make people invulnerable; and when perfected, a little held in the hand, would make a person's countenance resplendent with glory, and enable him to fly: and, in spite of all Mr. Key's arguments, persisted in believing that the transmutation of metals was known in Europe."

(To be concluded in our next.)

Undine, a Romance. Translated from the German by George Soane, A.B. 12mo. pp. 150.

This little volume was published in 1818. The original was and is very popular on the continent, being not only finely written, but displaying great powers of imagination, pathos, invention, and genius. We are induced to notice it now on account of the story having been selected to be dramatized at Covent Garden. Certainly, if the chief scenes can be visibly represented, there never was a happier choice made for stage effect. Undine is a Nalad, the daughter of a mighty potentate, who keeps his court in crystal caves and coral palaces, at the bottom of the Mediterranean. She is permitted to gain a human soul, and for this purpose is left a child on the borders of a lake, found, and adopted by a good fisherman and his wife. The volume commences at their cottage; Undine being then eighteen years of age, playful, mischievous, and exquisitely beautiful. Behind the cottage is a haunted forest, through which a knight, Sir Huldbrand, penetrates, after dreadful adventures with a white spirit, a horrible dwarf, water-kings, and gnomes playing in the golden ball of the earth. He is detained by floods, raised by the aqueous relations of Undine, and ultimately marries that wayward but delicious being. She discovers her nature to him on the morning after their nuptials, and by his consent receives the soul which she coveted. They cross the forest to the city where the lady Bertalda, the adopted daughter of a great Prince, turns out to be the child of the fisherman, who had been taken away to make room for Undine. She is beloved by the latter, and too much so by her lord, to whose castle of Ringstetten they retire together. Here Undine is unkindly treated; but her tenderness and love for Huldbrand interfere through strange events to protect him from the revenge of her powerful uncle Kuehborn, a Lord of the rivers, and other indignant water-deities. She causes the well to be closed, by which Kuehborn obtains access to the castle, and seals it hermetically and mystically; and she entreats Huldbrand never to show his displeasure against her, near streams, for there her relatives have particular power. Forgetful of this charge, he chides her on the Donau, and she is engulfed in its wave. A time elapses, and he resolves to wed Bertalda. To prevent this, visions and portents are exhibited by Undine; but the fatal ceremony is performed; and the bride, to show her dominion, orders the stone on the well to be unrolled. Immediately the spirit of Undine rises in a moving column of the element, and proceeds

terrifically to the castle. It enters, and embraces Huldbrand, who falls down a corpse. At his funeral the spirit attends; and when his sepulchre is closed, "where she had knelt a silver spring burst from the award, that gently flowed, and flowed, till it almost surrounded the grave. Even in after times the inhabitants of the village are said to have shown the spring, and to have believed that this was the poor deserted Undine, who in this manner still embraced the object of her affection."

Such is the singularly wild, interesting, and romantic tale on which the forthcoming drama is founded. We shall quote a portion of Huldbrand's account of his adventures in the forest, to mark how difficult it must be to express them, even with all the capabilities of the scenery of Covent Garden.

"The trees," says he, "looked so fresh and red in the morning light which spread its brightness over the green grass, and the leaves made such soft music with each other, that I could not in my heart help laughing at those who expected wonders in this delightful spot. Soon, said I gaily to myself, shall I pass through the wood and back again, and before I was aware of it, I had plunged deep into its green recesses, that completely shut out the plain behind. Then first it occurred to me that I might easily lose my way, in this enormous forest, but this appeared to be the only peril that could attend the wanderer. I paused therefore and looked around for the height of the sun, which in the meantime had somewhat more advanced. While gazing upwards, my eye was caught by the appearance of something black on the boughs of a lofty oak. At first I thought it was a bear, and grasped my sword, at which it cried out in a voice, human indeed—but harsh and dreadful—'If I did not gather the wood here, fool, on what would you be roasted in the coming midnight?' Thereon it grinned horribly, and rattled with the branches till my horse became wild, and bore me away before I had time to see what kind of devil's beast it really was."

"Name not the name," said the old man, crossing himself;—his wife did the same and Undine, looking eagerly on her beloved, exclaimed—"The best of the story is, that they did not really roast him—Go on—go on, lovely stranger."

"Often had my startled horse nearly dashed me against the trunks and boughs of the surrounding trees; still he would not stop, though his skin was dripping from heat and terror. At last he plunged forward to a deep abyss, when suddenly it seemed as if a tall white-haired man threw himself right before the horse, who stood still in violent alarm. I again subdued him to my power, and now first perceived that my protector was no white man, but a silver stream which poured down before me from a hill crossing and preventing my advance."

"Thanks to the dear brook," cried Undine, clapping with her hands; but the old man looked down, shaking his head in deep thought—Huldbrand continued—

"I had scarcely seated myself upright in

the saddle, and again made myself master of the reins, when a strange dwarf stood at my side, diminutive and hateful beyond all measure; his complexion was of a brown-yellow, and his nose was nearly as large as the rest of his body. He grinned, moreover, with the most stupid courtesy, from his wide mouth, and made me a thousand bows and distorted reverences. As this farce wearied me, I thanked him briefly, turned round my horse, that still trembled from fright, and thought of other adventures, or, in case I found none, to seek my way home, for the sun, during my wild chase, had already declined from its meridian to the west. With a motion quick as lightning the little being sprang round and stood again before my path. Out of the way, I exclaimed, angrily—the horse is startled and will be sure to run over you.—‘Ah,’ snarled the dwarf, and laughed with stupidity still more horrible—‘then give me first some money to drink with, for it was I that stopped your steed; without me you both would have fallen into the stone-quarry below there—Hu!’—‘Make no more faces,’ I said, ‘and take your money, although this is a falsehood; for look—it was the kind brook yonder that saved me, not you, poor wretched creature.’ Saying this, I dropped a piece of gold into his cap, which he had beggily taken off to me, and would have continued my course; but he still shrieked behind me, and was on the sudden, with inconceivable swiftness, by my side again. I spurred my horse into full gallop;—still he gallopped on with me, difficult as it seemed to be to him, and writhed his body into strange distortions that were half laughable, half horrible, still holding up the piece of gold on high, and at each step screaming, ‘false gold!—false gold!—false gold!’—‘false gold!’ And this he shrieked out so hollowly from his breast, that one would have thought each exclamation might have laid him dead upon the earth. His horrid red tongue, too, hung lolling from out his mouth. Confounded and aghast, I again stopped and asked, ‘what is it you would have with this outcry?—Take another piece of gold—take two more, if more you will—but then depart from me.’ Again he commenced his hideous courtesies, and snarled out—‘it is not gold I want—it is not gold, my young master—I have more than I need of that—I’ll prove it to you.’

‘Then, on the sudden, it seemed to me that I could look through the firm green earth as if it were green glass, and its surface appeared round as a ball, within which a multitude of gnomes were playing with gold and silver. On their feet and on their hands they rolled themselves around, flung the precious metals at each other in sport, and mockingly powdering their faces with the gold-dust. My hideous companion stood half within, half without; the others below reached up to him quantities of gold, which he again flung, with a ringing sound, into the immeasurable abyss below. Then he showed the piece of gold which I had given to him to the gnomes below, and they again would mock me and seemed as they would die with laughing. At last all rained

their hands glittering with metal against me, while nearer and nearer, wilder and wilder, madder and madder—the tumult rose towards me. The horror, which before had affected my horse, now possessed my senses; I plunged both spurs into him, and a second time darted frantically into the forest, though how far my course went I know not.

‘When again I halted the evening was cool about me. Through the branches I perceived a foot path, which I concluded must lead out of the wood back to the city.—I wished to force my way to it, but a face, which can hardly be described, perfectly white and with ever-changing features, peered out upon me from among the leaves; I sought to shun it; still wherever I went it also was. Burning with rage I at last thought to run over it with my horse, when a white foam came scattering over me and the steed, so that both, half-blinded, were forced to turn back again. Thus it drove us step by step, always away from the footpath, and in one direction only left the road free to us. If we proceeded in that course it was always close behind us, yet without doing us the least injury. When, at times, I looked round upon it, I could plainly perceive that the white foaming face was upon a body as white, and of gigantic dimensions. Often I fancied it looked like a moving fountain, but upon this point I never could be certain.

‘Both horse and rider wearied out, now yielded to the impulse of the white man, who constantly nodded to us with his head as though he would say—‘well—very well!’—and so at length we got out of the forest to this spot, where I saw meadows and the lake, and your little hut, and where, finally, the tall white being vanished.’

The sights at the catastrophe, on the Donon, are equally fearful; Undine falls asleep—

‘Scarcely had she closed her eyes, when a horrid vision rose upon the river to every one on-board the ship; the same object appeared to all, however various the points to which they looked; it had the form of a monstrous human head, rising from the waves, not of as one swimming, but quite upright, as if itself floating on the surface of the water; and gliding forward with the bark. Each would have shown the other the subject of his own alarm; and each found the like horror impressed on the faces of those about him; though every one with hand and eye pointed to a different direction of this dreadful shape, which, half laughing, half menacing, continued to glide forward. But when, at length, each sought to understand the other, and each cried ‘Look yonder—no, yonder—yonder!’—Then the forms of horror became multiplied to all, and the waters around the bark were covered with ghastly images. The cry, that arose on this, awoke Undine, and at her appearance, these terrific phantoms vanished.’

We shall be curious to see what is made of such materials on Monday.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

INSANITY.

Miseris succurre disco....

[We have great satisfaction in resuming this subject. The curative nature of a malady so afflicting to humanity was never demonstrated in a similar manner till our valued co-adjutor chose the Literary Gazette to be the medium of his profound and philosophical observations. These have not only thrown light upon the disease, but have been the cause of its more minute investigation by learned men at home and abroad; and we have the high gratification of feeling, that in this instance, we have led the way to a better theory, and more improved system for the treatment of the insane, than heretofore existed.]

Looking at Insanity in its general character, it probably may be with truth regarded as a disease of irritation and of reaction, whether considered in reference to the body or the mind; and the following appearances tend greatly to the support of this opinion. 1st. The irregularities of the menstrual discharge, and the varied periods of life and circumstances connected therewith, are sometimes causes of insanity, particularly when neglected. 2nd. The treatment of this disease in ancient as in modern times, has been most successfully conducted by judicious attention to evacuations, mild diet, and mild moral treatment. 3rd. Small pox has generally proved fatal to maniacs. 4th. Wounds in young and recently afflicted maniacs will often slough to an unusual degree. 5th. In its early stages there is a good deal of febrile irritation, such as heat of skin, quick pulse, headache, dilated pupil, constipation of the bowels. 6th. Stimulating and fermenting liquors are injurious, in every form of recent insanity; and these evils are increased by animal food. 8th. The depression of body that accompanies the treatment of the corporeal diseases of those labouring under mental alienation, is not unfrequently attended with a restoration of mind to a considerable extent, and this phenomenon has been frequently observed, and generally ascribed to the interposition of the Supreme Being, and particularly where the bodily disease proved fatal to the maniac. These conditions exhibit the existence of a high degree of bodily excitement and irritation, which should be constantly held in view in the cure of Insanity; because, if they are overlooked, our measures will be almost always found inefficient. When this malady is considered through the higher and more interesting faculties of the mind, we shall here also find the chain of reasoning we have adverted to unbroken, and that the principle of irritation and of excitement, intimately and powerfully pervade the intellectual operations, and at times disposing maniacs to ardent and dangerous acts, but much more generally inclining them to elevated and generous deeds: so that, in the midst of this mournful, this melancholy, and chaotic wreck of mind, are justified (if I may here so speak) the ways of God to man, by the benevolence and kindly dispositions still clinging to the

heart, when not persecuted by cruel treatment, or improper views of this malady. What sensation is to the body, imagination would appear to be to the mind; morbid sensation constitutes one of the first and leading features of bodily disease; and altered imagination takes a still more prominent position, in what respects the maladies of the mind: so that where the sensations are to a certain degree deranged, we have bodily disease, that may according to circumstances reach the mind; and if the imagination suffers to a particular point, we have mental disease, that may from the inseparable connection existing between the faculties of the mind and the powers of the body, ultimately affect the corporeal frame. It is my opinion, that no mental derangement can amount to actual insanity, unless the brain is in part either directly, or indirectly, morbidly influenced: and with this view, to infer the utter destruction of the mind in all cases of insanity, is about as reasonable as it would be, to conclude from a diseased or fractured limb, which interferes with the powers of the limb and of the body generally, that the functions of the diseased or injured limb are utterly lost. The powers of the body and of the limb are for a time impeded or suspended to a certain extent; but by an early and judicious removal of the original evil, the consequences flowing from it will cease; and this analogy holds good as to the mind; and particularly in the application of remedies to the early stages of mental derangement.*

Bodily diseases are curable in proportion to their duration; and the same observation will apply to mental affliction, because the body becomes deeply implicated in giving support to the maladies of the mind; for were this not the case, mental disease would be equally susceptible of remedy at all periods of its duration—a doctrine certainly of the most untenable nature, and which none but those under the influence of great error and delusion will maintain.

Let me here remark, that mental irritation, and other stimuli, will exhibit widely different phenomena, according to the constitution of mind to which they are applied; but this difference of appearance does not alter the intrinsic character of these existing causes. One man shall suffer the irritation of depression, if I may so express myself, from that cause which shall inflame another to actual madness. Wine rouses the generality of men in one way or another; but there are some whom it overwhelms with actual stupor and insensibility. Anger and jealousy may be regarded as states of ephemeral madness. These conditions of mind arise from such causes of mental irritation, as

* James B.—n, who had been afflicted with insanity for many years, was attacked with fungus Hæmatodes of the left leg. Here amputation above the knee was the only means of saving his life; and by address I obtained his concurrence to the operation, which he bore with the most heroic fortitude. The inference is obvious, as it shows that the essential faculties of the mind were even here entire, although when left to themselves they were overwhelmed by the influence of the morbid imagination.

bring the imagination into excessive action; so that every idea and association connected with the painful subject, are identified, and carried with electrical rapidity into the vortex of resentment or of suspicion; and hence the denunciations of vengeance, and rash inflictions of those who are acted on by this variety of insanity, that astonishes the beholder, who generally can see no adequate cause for such conduct; but on the contrary, that it is often altogether groundless, and the phantom of the inflamed imagination.

Under such a condition of excessive and vivid excitation, should derangement of structure not follow, this state of anarchy and of re-action ceases; the powers of the imagination which were in furious and dreadful action are allayed, and thus is tranquillity restored. But if from the violence of the paroxysm, or from repetition, an alteration of structure takes place, it will be followed by apoplexy, death, or madness.

These irritations, which produce this high state of ebullition in one, will, as observed, have very different visible effects on another; but notwithstanding this difference, the diseases they produce when acting on similar characters of mind, and conditions of body, are closely allied in their actual nature, and are to be treated on the same general principles, but with due reference to the peculiarities of individual constitution. Let us suppose that the morbid imagination renders this state of anger or of jealousy, permanent, or that it alternates with excessive depression or anxiety; and we shall be able to entertain a pretty exact notion of insanity. Under these modifications of mental alienation in the form of anger, or jealousy, it assuredly would be improper to indulge the individual so acted on with wine, or with spirits, as this would be contributing an accession of force to the diseased actions; and how much more unjustifiable must such practice be, where the disease has assumed the form of absolute insanity. In actual madness, the eyes are quick, the sense of hearing is acute, and there is often a state of watchfulness that is altogether surprising, not only from its duration, but from the corporeal powers not sinking under its influence. In this disease, where the perceptions are tolerably clear, but under the controul of a morbid imagination, we have either mania, or the varied modifications of melancholia. That I may be fully understood, let me suppose a watch, a walking stick, or a breast-pin, presented to the maniac; these objects are instantly known, and correctly named; but no sooner is this act of recognition over, than the imagination commences its morbid sway. The maniac now asserts the breast pin and watch to be his property, and peremptorily demands their restitution; the stick he affirms to be made of diamonds, and during this conversation the sun attracts his notice, which is properly designated; but he affirms that orbit to be the father of the individual with whom he converses, and that he (the maniac) will bring the sun down to talk to him. By the diseased imagination the whole world, its wealth, its resources of every kind, is commanded in idea by the

maniac; and aided by this delusive faculty, he creates forms innumerable and extraordinary, and disposes of fleets, armies, and kingdoms, by his nod. I have often returned thanks for being made Emperor of Germany, King of Scotland, or of Ireland, and these acknowledgements on my side were always grateful to my poor patients, and in no one instance have I found this transient concession to their imaginary power productive of injury. Had I reasoned with them on the absurdity of their ideas, these erroneous impressions would have been more thoroughly established by opposition, and I should have run the risk of losing their confidence by entertaining doubts of their power, and consequently been cashiered, and lost my command of Rochfort, or my kingdom, both of which honors were frequently conferred on me by my patients.

(To be concluded in our next.)

LITERATURE & LEARNED SOCIETIES.

CHINESE LITERATURE.

We resume the story interrupted in our last:

"As he was returning home in his palanquin, he met this very party of young men, and upon being told which of them was Su-ye-pe, was delighted with his figure and appearance.

"At that time he took no further notice of him, but the next morning he sent an intelligent servant into the village, to enquire the particulars of the young man's history. It proved, that he belonged to a respectable but decayed family, which was not originally of the district of King-ling, but had migrated thither some time back. He had lost both his father and mother, and was at present maintained by his grandfather, who lived at some distance. At this time, he was a candidate for the degree of Sieoutsay, or Bachelor of Arts; and having gone through his examination, it was expected that the result would be made public in a few days. The servant concluded by saying, that he was about twenty years of age, and bore an excellent character.

"When, shortly after, Oo-han-lin received a copy of the paper containing an account of the success of the several candidates, he was agreeably surprised by seeing the name of Su-ye-pe at the head of the list, and was much strengthened by this circumstance in his favorable opinion of him.

"Upon this, he hesitated no longer, and immediately sent for an old woman named Chang-meou-pu, whose profession it was to negotiate matches, and desired her to make direct proposals of marriage, in favour of his ward, to the student Su-ye-pe.

"The old woman found Su-ye-pe alone, and thus accosted him, 'I bring you great good news, young man; much greater even than your late success in obtaining your degree. The great Mandarin Oo-han-lin offers you his daughter, the beautiful and accomplished Vu-kin.'"

"This is very extraordinary," said the young man. "Is it possible that this great Mandarin, who might command the noblest

alliances, can wish to have such a poor student as myself for a son-in-law?" The old woman answered, "Oo-han-lin is a very odd sort of a man. He cares not for rank or riches, provided that he can get a son-in-law possessed of the talents and the disposition which he approves. Your pretty verses, and your general good character, have obtained for you this preference." Su-ye-pe observed, "What you relate is certainly very flattering to me; particularly if the young lady is so agreeable as you describe. But I should like to obtain a sight of her, so as to be able to judge for myself." "You cannot expect," says the old woman, "that so great a Mandarin as Oo-han-lin will permit his daughter to be looked at before marriage." "Then," answered he, "I at once decline the offer."

"Well," continued the old woman, "since you will not believe me, I must contrive, some way, to convince you. There is an arbour in the Mandarin's garden, in which the young lady and her mother are accustomed to sit and take the fresh air. It is overlooked by a hillock, with some trees on it, outside of the garden wall. If you will conceal yourself, this afternoon in the branches of one of them, you will have a good chance of seeing her." To-morrow I will call on you again, to take your final answer." The young man thanked the old woman, and said he would do as she had directed. Unfortunately, however, it so happened, that when Su-ye-pe went to conceal himself among the trees, Vu-zhiu, the ugly daughter of Oo-han-lin, was in the arbour, instead of his beautiful ward Vu-kiao. Completely disgusted with her appearance, he was determined at once to have nothing to do with the match; but, in so doing, some precaution seemed to him necessary, as he wished to avoid, if possible, offending so great a Mandarin as Oo-han-lin.

"When, therefore, the old woman came to him the next day, he told her that; upon further reflection, he had been convinced that he was unworthy of the high honour intended him; and that he had accordingly not availed himself of the means she had pointed out to him, of seeing the lady. The old woman, after using every argument in her power to move him, found him still positively determined to decline the offer, and it therefore only remained with her to report to Oo-han-lin the failure of the negotiation.

"Oo-han-lin, when he heard it, was astonished, and thought the failure could only have arisen from the ignorance or awkwardness of the old woman. He, therefore, determined to try another expedient; and having sent for a young man of his acquaintance, named Lieu-yeu-tching, he informed him of what had passed, and requested he would interpose his good offices in bringing about the desired arrangement.—The result will be communicated in the next chapter.

"After encountering numerous obstacles, and going through a variety of adventures, of which a detail is given in the remaining twelve chapters, Su-yu-se and Vu-kiao are at length happily united in marriage, to the great satisfaction of all their friends and connections."

The only remaining subject to which we have alluded, consists of the notices of four Chinese plays, forming part of the collection of 100 plays, entitled Yuen-jia-pe-tchang, whence Premare's "Orphan of Tchao," and Davis's "Hoir in old age," are taken. We copy the most particular, as a sample of the whole; it is called The Student's Daughter revenged; and the following is the plot.

"A rich old woman has one son, a child of eight years. A poor student, who has a daughter seven years of age, borrows a small sum of money from the old woman, which he afterwards finds himself unable to repay. In lieu of payment, he leaves his daughter with the old woman, and consents to her being affianced as the future wife of her son.

Thirteen years after, the student's daughter, now twenty years of age, is still living with the old woman, although her son having died young, the intended marriage could not take place. One day the old woman goes to an apothecary to demand payment of a debt—the apothecary persuades her to accompany him to a bye-place, and there attempts to kill her—but they accidentally meet two men, a father and son, who interpose, and save her life. They claim in return for this service, respectively, the old woman and the student's daughter in marriage.—The old woman at first refuses, but on being threatened, consents, and brings the strangers home to her house: the student's daughter, on being informed of this engagement, positively refuses to ratify it on her part; but, the old woman having married the elder stranger, both of them become inmates of the house, and the younger stranger perseveres in urging his suit.

"The younger stranger being still unable to persuade the student's daughter to marry him, conceives he may be able to prevail, by previously getting rid of the old woman; and accordingly goes to the afore-mentioned apothecary to purchase some poison. The apothecary makes objections; but, on being recognized, and threatened with a discovery of his former attempt to commit murder, he complies, and the young man, having obtained the poison, puts it into some broth, intended for the old woman, who is sick. By some mistake, however, the elder stranger, the father of the younger, drinks the broth in her stead, and dies immediately.—

"The foregoing fragment is introduced chiefly with a view to the incidental illustration it affords of Chinese manners. The Translator had originally intended to have completed the version of the whole Novel, but the sequel was not of sufficient interest to encourage him to proceed in the work, and it was found to be disfigured by two incidents which, at least the latter, rendered it unsuitable to his purpose, and wholly irreconcilable with our European notions and feelings. The denouement is brought about by a very unnecessary recourse to their Magical Superstitions, and the hero of the piece having, by a sort of under plot, fallen into a love adventure with another damsel, equally amiable, but less nobly connected, he is under no embarrassment from this awkward dilemma, but is happily united in marriage to both the ladies, to the entire satisfaction and approbation of all the parties."

The scheme of the younger stranger being thus frustrated, he repeats his demand of the student's daughter in marriage, and threatens to accuse both her and the old woman of the murder of his father, if she persists in her refusal—she remains, nevertheless, inflexible—both the women are then brought before a magistrate, and charged with the murder—and the younger being put to the torture to compel her to confess, resists firmly for some time; but, seeing the old woman about to be tortured likewise, her fortitude fails her, and she charges herself with the murder, though innocent.

"The magistrate then declares himself satisfied; and, having pronounced sentence of death upon the young woman, is thanked by the false accuser for his righteous judgment.

"The student's daughter is brought out for execution—attests her innocence, and begs her life—but is not spared.—She declares, just before her execution, that, in testimony of her innocence, it will snow though in the midst of summer; that her blood will fly upwards, and stain the ensigns of the tribunal; and that there will be a drought for three years in the district where in she is executed.—All these prodigies happen accordingly.

"The poor student, in the mean while, had become a great Mandarin, and it was part of his duty to revise, occasionally, the proceedings of inferior magistrates.—One day, when he happened, unawares, to be reading the record of the trial and of the sentence passed upon his own daughter (of whom he had heard nothing since he had parted from her, when a child) her ghost appears to him, relates the injustice which had been committed, and calls for revenge. Upon this he immediately summons all the parties before him—institutes a new trial—rectifies the sentence—appears the ghost—condemns the false accuser, who was himself the murderer, to be cut into ten thousand pieces; banishes the wicked apothecary for life; and lastly, sentences the unjust magistrate to the corporal punishment of one hundred blows, and dismissal from his office for ever."

FINE ARTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE, BY ROBERT SMIRKE, R.A.

The first number of this work has just been published: It was, we believe, projected by Messrs. Charles Heath and Samuel Hamilton, and is to consist of 37 numbers, one to appear every three months. The present part contains, (in a wrapper with the bust-portrait of Shakspeare neatly engraved on steel,) six plates illustrative of The Tempest. They are beautifully done. 1. Caliban bearing a load of wood, and cursing with bitterness. The figure from Mr. Smirke's painting is replete with character; and the engraving by Mr. C. Heath, in his best manner. 2. Prospero, Miranda asleep, and Ariel entering. This design, by the same artist, meets with less of our approbation. Prospero is in an attitude of no dignity;

Miranda is (and indeed this defect runs through the whole) too short—we "hate a dumpy woman;" and the approach of Ariel is tamely conceived, while the expression of the countenance is vague and unnatural, from the eyes being far too widely apart. The plate is by Engleheart. 3, Caliban, Trinculo, and Stephano. In this Mr. Smirke has borrowed from himself: it is the counterpart of the same scene in *Boydell's Shakspeare*. It is a capital group, and well engraved by W. Finden. 4, Miranda, Sebastian kneeling, and Prospero observing. The lady provokingly short, the lover in the usual style, and the picture altogether common place. 5, Trinculo, Stephano, Caliban, and Ariel, engraved by E. Portbury. There is great humour and great beauty in this: Mr. Smirke's forte appears to be humour. Trinculo in his robes is admirable; and the mischievous leer of Caliban, and the drunken swagger of Stephano, equally good. The contrast of the lovely female form in the back-ground, or rather back-sky, affords a charming relief. 6, The Denouement, engraved by S. Davenport. Here again Miranda is a head too short; the rest are well grouped, and the back-ground spirited. On the whole these are very fine performances, and will enrich the page even of the *Swan of Avon*. The *Taming of the Shrew* is announced for June—the characters and situations are congenial to the painter's genius.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[We are indebted for the five following pieces, to the author of *The Harp of the Desert*, &c. *Ismael Fitzadama*, known so advantageously to the public as the "Sailor Poet."]

To Miss — who promised to bring me a Snow Drop. Written during sickness.

Thou said'st thy hand would gently shred
Spring's first-born child, the snow-drop
dear,

From shelterless and lonely bed,
And bring the herald blossom here—
I would have kissed the lucid thing,

Redeemed from winter's icy wing,
And called thee Love's soft queen protecting ti-
mid Spring.

Yet March hath owned a better day,
And nymphs begin to braid the bower;

Yet longing weeks have lagged away,
Nor thou hast come, nor other flower—
And is it, Mary, sadly true,
That woman's words are but as dew,
Descending all as soft, as soon exhaling too?

Time was, and memory weeps that time,
With other step when wont to move,

I met young spring on mountain's clime,
Or roamed the rocks in quest of love.
Then sang my wild harp welcome wild,
Health's sun rose bright, and beauty smiled,
I was a weak, indeed, but happy, happy child!

That sun hath fled my riper day,
Or feebly gleams, eclipsed and dim;

And who will soothe the sick man's way?
Nor Spring revives, nor flower, for him,
Nor beauty lights his lonely bower;
He weeps away his vernal hour,
Nightly and lone he weeps, like that rath snow-
drop flower.

On earth the wretch can lose no more,
O blessed health! who loath thee;
A nuisance cast on life's lee shore,
Like shattered bark, unworthy sea—
The war-ship's streamers flaunt on high,
The merry pinnace dances by,
Unheeding all of him, there laid alone to die.

Even she, whose sweetly-artless wile,
Might wake a dawn round dark decree,
Withdraws the spring that waits her smile,
Nor deigns to cull a flower for me;
From sickness beauty turns her ray,
And love as lightly wings away,
No solace left me now but harping simple lay.

STANZAS,

Written in Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming."

Soft voice of Albyn! round whose spellful lyre,
Convened hope's visionary forms erewhile,
And owned "the master's hand, the prophet's
fire,"

And blest the song, and saw the future smile;
Soft voice of Albyn! now thy harp's sweet wile
To trans-atlantic lay, adjusts the string,
And pity's tenderest tear can well beguile,
As o'er the ruined walls of Wyoming,
And gentle Gertrude's fate, its plaintive accents
ring.

The theme how wildly sad! how meet the lays!
Love here,—for solitude is heaven to love—
Might well the mutual soul to transport raise,
And bliss confer, all mortal bliss above—
But the shrill war-trump shook their tranquil
grove—

They seek the fort, an ambushed foe appear—
O heaven! thro' Gertrude's heart the death-ball
drove,

Even while a bleeding father claims her fears!
Alas! the bridal smile is drowned in blood and
tears!

And see the lovely martyr where she lies!
Clasped in her dying arms her dying sire:
And, half to pity moved his struggling eyes,
Stern Ontario chants his vengeful ire,
While widowed Waldegrave, stung with anguish
dies,

And kneeling near the dead, without control
Resigns his heart to grief's consuming fire,
As o'er their recent grave the bugle's toll,
Waked a wild parting thought, that wrings the
very soul.

Sweet Wyoming! though desolate to-day,
Thy wild-flower shake its chalice to the wind,
Yet shall thy ruin live in Campbell's lay,
Long as pure love and pity sway mankind.
And should, long hence, some Caledonian hind,
Seek better home by Susquehanna's wave,
"Here," will be proudly deem, with patriot
mind,

"Sang Albyn's harp, the lovely, good, and
brave—
Then wind him o'er the hills, to find poor Ger-
trude's grave.

SONG.

Think, oh! think of all that's past, love,
Can remembrance tell thee all?
How sweet our fondness bloomed, how fast, love,
Its blossom was to fall.

Think how close our souls were twining,
Blessing, hoping, wishing, pining,
Meeting all, and all refining—
Think of all which thought endears,
And give at least atoning tears.

Oh! the fault, the fault was thine, love,
Some caprice had changed thy heart;

Never could a wish of mine, love,
Hint a tendency to part.
But thy sex will still be ranging,
More than breezes given to changing,
Hearts of truth for aye estranging—
Woman, worthless luxury!
Why was bliss annexed to thee?

HETEROPTICS.

A man of rhyme, as rhymers do,
Fooled by the muse in verse to woo,
His amorous hymns to Chloe raised:
While passion's dream his breast was warming,
Was never mistress half so charming,
Was never barding half so praised.

Well, (let the fact no novice startle,
As all things else, so love is mortal)
Weary he waxed of Chloe's chain.
The poet now no more exalting,
She found his sonnets trite and halting;
He saw her ugly, pert, and vain!

SONNET.

Great names attract the million—there's a glare
Round kings and conquerors, which delude
the eyes

Of superficial men; and even the wise
Will hesitate, at times, into a stare.

Some worship Wellington, and seem to share
His glories, while they talk him to the skies;
Others Napoleon's genius eulogise—

A splendid name, but much the worse for wear.
For me, a home-spun, sonnet-spinning wight,

Such lofty themes "stick to me" i' the throat,
More pleased to con, in comely black and white,

One humbler far, and yet a name of note—
Ah! come to sooth my palm, and bless my gaze,
Thou more than alchymist, coy Henry Hase!

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

A PUBLIC DINNER.

A public dinner occurs so frequently in this capital of feeding and feasting, that no heed is taken of those national and not incurious festivals. We shall therefore assume the liberty, as signified last week, to introduce our friends to the Freemason's Hall—the occasion being the Anniversary of the Covent Garden Fund. This is a capacious room, having its walls adorned with full length pictures of royal and noble Master Masons of the grand lodge, including not only his present Majesty, the late Duke of Kent, the Duke of Sussex, and the Duke of Athol, but portraits of an elder date, and most of them painted in good style. At the top of the apartment there is a raised *Dais* (at least on dinner days), and at the bottom, a gallery supported by pillars, for female visitors. Above the *Dais* is a gallery for music.

Such is the place where, supposing the Stewards to have been active in disposing of tickets, and the cause to be attractive, the tables are laid out for the company; which company is generally of a most mixed and promiscuous character. The carls state that dinner is to be on the table at 5 precisely; and previous to that hour the most inquisitive, the hungry, (heaven pity them, for they have long to wait!) the most anxious to have good places, the most idle, and the least knowing in such matters, begin to pour in.

This flux continues till about 6 o'clock, by which time the four, (sometimes five) long boards which fill the Hall longitudinally, are surrounded by expectant dinner-eaters, waiting for the viands, which the waiters are only looking for a signal to set before them. This signal depends on the arrival of the President, whoever he may be—at this meeting, H. R. H. The Duke of York did the honours of the chair; and that Royal personage being always punctual to his appointments, he drove to the door within a few moments of the appointed time, namely, 6 o'clock. He was, of course, shown into a private room till the meats were served up, and detained there a few minutes with the persons of quality invited to meet him, and perhaps with persons of no quality, who push forward upon such opportunities, of their own free-will thrusting themselves upon greatness, and certainly not having "greatness thrust upon them."

During this brief span, the Stewards are seeing their guests well set; and all being ready, the band strikes up "God save the King," and they sally forth to marshal in the president the way which he should go, *videlicet*, to the chair in the middle of the cross table on the aforesaid *Dais* at the top of the Hall. They march two and two, carrying long white wands, the emblems of an authority exercised on the reverse of the principle of Dr. Pedro Positive, native of Snatchaway, and conduct their Royal and Honoured Visitors to their appointed seats. Sometimes, there is a bit of scramble for places and plates; very anxious gentlemen having perhaps removed the names which others have thought sufficient to keep their coveted situations unoccupied, and insinuated themselves upon the bespoken bench; and some of the forward folks already alluded to, having perhaps in their ambitious movements pushed their betters from their stools. At length, however, imagine all settled, and short grace said. The momentary silence which this religious rite imposes, is burst upon with the most discordant clashing. All Sheffield rings in knife and fork; and all Staffordshire replies in the deeper note of dish and platter. Little ceremoniousness is observed, and the tumult of gastronomy is prodigious. The ladies who grace the gallery, look down with a sort of fear and wonder, at the tremendous feats performing below; and astonishment fills their delicate bosoms, when they see cods and salmon, sirloins and saddles, turkeys and chickens, puddings and jellies, vanish with an inconceivable rapidity. At a theatrical dinner, as this was, it might be fancied that the great necromancer, Harlequin, was causing these changes with his wand; and, if we were inclined to be satirical on the company, that not a few clowns were helping him. [N. B. We beg to be understood to cast no reflection on our admired friend Grimaldi, whom we saw near us consuming his food in a most quiet, dignified, and unostentatious manner—and by no means cramming his mouth as he does on the stage, though several persons about him seemed to be tempting him that way by their example,

as if challenging competition.] A great many bottles of wine, and pots of porter, are used in washing down the solid refreshments; and in about half an hour, the extreme din of dining begins a little to abate. The knives cut more slowly, as if they were blunted; and the clang of carving subsides at last into a gentle tinkling of wearied weapons, upon unresisting jellies and timid trembling blanc-manges. The kind Stewards, having with wise precaution taken their meal, at 3, walk about the room during the repast, and see that every one is attended to and satisfied: the white wand gleams a sign of gladness over the wight who has any want ungratified; and he has but to express his wishes, to have them, happy man! fulfilled. *Hob-a-nobs* go briskly round; the cloth is taken away, and *non nobis* (which we entreat our country readers, for whose benefit we principally write this, not to mistake for any censure of the preceding toasts, however similar in sound) is chaunted by a fine band of musical performers.

Wine decanters and glasses now sparkle on the table, which, if you please to castrate with your eye, you will find, thus covered, to resemble a crystal stream glittering to the lustre-lights above, and embanked by human countenances on each side. The subject is a curious one for contemplation—we have often thought of composing a convivial song upon it.

Silence being called by a waiter, stationed behind the chair for that purpose, the President bids "charge the glasses;" and a health to the king is drunk, with shouts and thundering beatings on the table. The national anthem follows, both in vocal and instrumental music. To these alternate toast and song, or glee, succeed for three or four hours, until that hour comes at which the chairman thinks it proper to retire. Some of the toasts, of course, call for speeches, either in proposing or acknowledging; and thus the entertainments of the evening are varied, sometimes by very happy, and at other times by rather unhappy exhibitions of oratory. The festive auditors, however, are rarely fastidious; and a tolerably well-delivered address, especially if seasoned with a spice of smartness, or softened with a touch of the pathetic, or adorned with a little flattery, is as much relished as an oration of Demosthenes, even though appropriately spouted from a cask.

The fair ornaments of the gallery seldom depart till the last minute; but when the President leaves, or, what is a stronger hint, drinks their health, they must go. Some cordial lover of the board then usually takes the chair; the health of its last occupant is given with jolly honours, and Bacchus is invoked in deeper potations—

—The dry divan
Close in firm circle; and set, ardent, in
For serious drinking—
Confused above,
Glasses and bottles,
As if the table even itself was drunk.

On the particular occasion which led to

• Modern manners allow us no longer to fill up the line with "pipes and Gazetteers."

this paper there was no excess. From the period at which the Duke of York entered the Hall, to that at which he left it, near the midnight hour, nothing but a hilarity agreeable to reason prevailed. The Stewards, among whom we noticed on our side of the house, Messrs. Mathews, Abbott, Pope, Jones, Farley, Egerton, Duruset, Blanchard, Yates, and Claremont, devoted themselves to the entertainment of the company, and consequently made them more comfortable than is usual where the party is so numerous. A song written for the occasion by Mr. Parry, was sung with applause by Mr. Taylor. Mr. Broadhurst sang John Anderson my Jo, with great feeling and expression. His style is admirable; and he never fails to produce a strong effect in a room. Mr. Mathews gave several of his comic songs, and in the dialogue and imitative parts, raised bursts of laughter. Emery also sang York you're wanted, and Loetie in a drinking glee (which should never be omitted, where he is present to perform it,) was delightful. But the superior musical treat of the night, was Bishop's echo song, by Miss Hallande, in the gallery. The perfect intonation, the brilliancy of execution, the pouring forth of swelling notes, which seemed to float in waves of ethereal melody through space, and the richness of voice and other accomplishments of the fair songstress, entranced her hearers; and an encore as flattering as ever was called, rewarded her enchanting labour. Some children were brought to display their vocal powers; but with one exception, they ought to have been left at home—the object being to please the company, not to show off their talents. Of the addresses, Mr. Fawcett's, on expounding the benefits of the Fund, was spoken in a manner peculiarly impressive. He enforced the humanity of its principle, and the benevolence of its consequences; declaring that it embraced distresses so various in their nature, that it might be said to combine all that other charities exclusively alleviated. It includes (said he with strong emotion) the Infant from the moment it sees the light, to the Adult struggling in the last stage of misery; it provides an asylum for the mentally as well as the bodily afflicted; and when suffering nature is at length exhausted, it continues its influence till the last and office has been performed, and even then spreads its protecting mantle, sheltering the helpless family of the deceased.

From this, we were rather surprised that he deviated into an allusion to some enemy of the Institution; an allusion in bad taste, whether in respect to the individual, or to the charity—for every man has a right to his own opinions; and it is unwise to bruise internal objections, if such exist, to any association of this sort. A compliment to Miss O'Neill; a just tribute to the exertions of other performers; and a well merited eulogy upon the illustrious chairman, completed the outline; and if the contributions are a criterion, their ample amount bore testimony to the favour with which it was listened to. We learn, that above 1500*l.* was subscribed; and it was stated, that this sum

was sufficient to cover all the annuities granted to decayed actors. A paper, containing a list of the annuitants, was on the table. The first is a Mrs. Cockayne, in 1773—the whole number 17 females, and 6 males—the highest sum 70*l.*, the lowest 18*l.*—and the total 797*l.* 10*s.* The stock is in the funds, and produces 763*l.* annually.

Lord Blessington, Lord Fife, Mr. Harris, Mr. Abbott, and Mr. Becher, were the most prominent spokesmen; and the former nobleman took the chair for a short time after His R. H. was gone. Report goes, that there was even another chairman, who succeeded his Lordship, and that his staunch supporters were *Tor, torque beatu*.

THE DRAMA.

On Saturday the King's Theatre was filled at an early hour, to witness the first representation, for this season, of Rossini's opera of *Il Tancrède*, and the debut of the Signora Marinoni, as the hero of the poem. The character of Tancrède is of the most superb class; with all the essentials of the knightly strain—love, deep, and inextinguishable; patriotism, that urges him to aid the land from whence he had been unjustly exiled; valour, that combats in defence of an oppressed woman; and generosity, that forgets the perfidy which has wrecked his peace. It requires a high assemblage of operative qualifications to do full justice to such a part; and Signora Marinoni did not render it highly effective. She never can personate Tancrède. We do not deny her claims to great merit as a singer: her vocal science and management are of high order and accuracy; but her voice was not displayed in power, nor were its elevated tones eminently liquid, or its deeper ones mellow. In a theatre of smaller extent, her influence may be more acknowledged; and there must be so much embarrassment attendant on a first appearance on the stage, that we do not wish the debutante to be discouraged by our remarks. We have witnessed the almost magic effects of practice in Signora Marinoni's profession. Camporese was the heroine: her singing was, as always, of the most perfect beauty and expression. All her feelings were finely portrayed; and the touching pathos of her deep and hopeless despair, and the tumultuous and overwhelming joy which the acknowledgment of her innocence and the renewed confidence of Tancrède impart to her, were powerfully descriptive, and acknowledged by the audience. Tancrède appearing as an unknown challenger, should have lowered his visor; by the omission of this disguise, the effect of the scene was lessened, its deception lost, and all its probabilities diminished. We think that no antiquarian authority can sanction the costume of the attendant knights.

The excellence of the music of this opera has been of long established reputation, and requires no eulogium from us. Its most refined and richly articulated air, "*Di tanti palpiti*" is familiar to every ear, since its adaption to a quadrille figure, and may be heard from the lips of every idler who whis-

cles through the streets of town. The other, minor parts, were respectably filled. The Ballet was *La Paysanne Supposée*, in which the same grace and power in the dance, is exhibited, that we have already had so highly to praise.

VARIETIES.

A gentleman, on seeing a determined railer against the fair sex at a wedding party, observed to a friend, that he thought him rather out of place on such an occasion. "By no means," replied the other, he is here as a fit epithalamium." "How so?" was instantly asked. "Why," said his friend, you know he is *averse* (a verse) to matrimony."

We observe from the newspapers, that Mr. Bartleman, the famous, and in his style unequalled singer, died on Sunday last, at the age of 54. The noble volume of his sonorous and manly voice, will long resound in the ears which have hung with delight upon its tones.

A young loquacious Friseur, while dressing a lady's hair for an *At home* at Clifton, speaking of Bristol theatricals, observed he had lately seen both Kean and Booth in the character of Richard; on being asked which he considered the best actor, replied, "Oh Ma'am! Mr. Booth, Mr. Booth! he makes much the best bow leg!"

The Northern Expedition.—The *Fury* and *Hecla*, the two vessels intended for the new expedition to the North Seas, are now completely ready, and it is expected that they will sail on Monday. Their equipments are much superior to those of the preceding voyage; and we trust they will be equally successful in prosecuting discoveries, and equally fortunate in their safe return.

Aerostatic.—A paragraph appears in the daily papers, stating from a Roman Journal, that M. Mignorelli, of Bologna, has discovered a method of giving horizontal direction to balloons.

Literary Fund.—Owing to the day originally appointed for the anniversary of this Institution, the 3rd of May, having been fixed for the observance of the King's birthday, the commemoration has, we understand, been altered to the 10th or 11th in the ensuing week.

The Picture Gallery, of the University of Oxford has lately been embellished by models of the Temple of Neptune at Pæstum, and of the Amphitheatre at Verona.

Mr. —, a gentleman of no gigantic stature, who is rather fond of hearing the sound of his voice, has, not very long since, been appointed consul in an American seaport. He displayed his talking qualities so effectually in this city, that a Yankee wag observed that he certainly was a little consul, but a great *prater* (prator).

The obsequies of the late Marquess de Fontanes took place on the 20th instant, in the Church of the Assumption in Paris; and his remains were afterwards deposited in the burial-ground of Pere Lachaise. A nu-

merous body of the Peers of France, Members of the Chamber of Deputies, of the University, and of the French Academy, followed the body to the place of interment. After the funeral service, which was read by the curate of the Assumption, Mr. Roger of the French Academy pronounced a brief eulogy on the personal qualities, literary talent, and acts of benevolence, which distinguished the celebrated deceased.

A few days ago there were discovered in the neighbourhood of Portobello, seven or eight feet below the ground, three stone coffins, rudely put together, each containing a human skeleton of an ordinary size. The bones were quite entire, though rather brittle; and from their position, it would seem that the bodies to which they belonged had been interred with their legs across. Two of the skulls at the back had been penetrated by some sharp instrument—At the head of each were deposited a number of sharp flints; from which it is conjectured by antiquarians that the inhumation had taken place previously to the use of metal being known in this country. Above these coffins was a tumulus of sand; and what is very remarkable, the roots of some shrubs, in search of nutriment, had penetrated the coffins and skulls of the skeletons, about which and the ribs they had curiously twisted themselves. The cavities of the skeletons, indeed, were entirely filled with vegetable matter. These interesting relics of humanity were generously allowed by Mr. Miller, the proprietor of the ground, to be transferred to Dr. Barclay's valuable museum, where they may now be seen. We take this opportunity of doing justice to the great liberality of Dr. Barclay, who readily admits every person of general appearance to visit his collection; and even to take drawings of any article.—*Edinburgh Correspondent.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

APRIL, 1821.

Thursday, 5—	Thermometer from 36 to 50.
	Barometer from 29.45 to 29.77.
Friday, 6—	Thermometer from 31 to 50.
	Barometer from 29.23 to 30.02.
Saturday, 7—	Thermometer from 36 to 60.
	Barometer from 29.91 to 30.07.
Sunday, 8—	Thermometer from 39 to 65.
	Barometer from 30.09 to 30.12.
Monday, 9—	Thermometer from 39 to 65.
	Barometer from 30.01 to 29.89.
Tuesday, 10—	Thermometer from 46 to 66.
	Barometer from 29.89 to 29.70.
Wednesday, 11—	Thermometer from 45 to 60.
	Barometer from 29.63 to 29.50.
Thursday, 12—	Thermometer from 41 to 54.
	Barometer from 29.35 to 29.29.
Friday, 13—	Thermometer from 37 to 52.
	Barometer from 29.31 to 29.52.
Saturday, 14—	Thermometer from 41 to 49.
	Barometer from 29.62 to 29.36.
Sunday, 15—	Thermometer from 34 to 48.
	Barometer from 29.51 to 29.50.

Lat. 51.37.32. N.

Long. 0.3.51. W.

Edmonton, Middlesex.—JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several papers & notices are unavoidably postponed

Miscellaneous Advertisements, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

British Gallery, Pall Mall.

THIS Gallery, for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of Modern Artists, is OPEN DAILY, from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening, and will be closed on Saturday next, the 28th inst.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogues, 1s.

(By Order) JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.

* * * The Gallery will be reopened early in May, with a collection of the finest works of the Ancient Masters.

Artists General Benevolent Institution.

THE Subscribers and Friends of this Institution will celebrate the SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY, in Freemasons' Hall, on Friday, May the 4th.

H. R. H. the DUKE of SUSSEX, Patron, in the Chair. This Institution, founded in 1814, has no limitation, no exclusive privileges; its members consist of benevolent Subscribers, whose object is, by an appeal to public liberality, to extend relief to all distressed Artists, whose works are known and esteemed by the public, and to their Widows and Orphans. Merit and distress form the only claim to its benevolence. Tickets, at one Guinea each, to be had of the Stewards; at the Tavern; and of the Secretary, 65, Upper Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square.

JOHN YOUNG, Honorary Secretary.

MR. HAYDON'S Picture of "Christ's Agony in the Garden," is now open, at the Gallery next door to the British Institution, Pall Mall; with his Pictures of Solomon, Macbeth, Dentatus, Romeo and Juliet, and Cupid Cruising; his Studies from Nature and the Elgin Marbles; and the Drawings of his Pupils from the Cartoons. Admittance 1s. Catalogue 6d. Open from ten till six.

Mr. Ward's Battle of Waterloo.

THIS PICTURE, painted by JAMES WARD, Esq. R.A. for the Directors of the British Institution, (in consequence of the sketch obtaining the Prize in 1816,) size 40 feet by 21 feet, will be opened for Public Exhibition on Monday, April 8th, at Mr. Bullock's Great Room, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Admittance 1s. Catalogue 6d.—Descriptive ditto, with Etched Outline, 1s. 6d.

MR. HOFLAND'S Exhibition of his Picture of Richmond from Twickenham Park, with a selection from his other Works, will open at 106, New Bond Street, on Tuesday, May 8th.

Admittance 1s.—Catalogue gratis.

* * * Mr. Hofland, who has contributed nearly 40 Pictures during the last ten years to the Exhibitions of the Royal Academy, having learned from a Member of the Council, that it was desirable whether the single Picture he had sent for the ensuing Exhibition would be hung up, "on account of its large size," has been induced to withdraw it altogether, and takes this mode of submitting it to the opinion of the public.

Physiognomical Portraits.

Price, in Imperial octavo, 1s. 1s. containing 10 Portraits, (and in quarto, with proofs on Indian paper, price 2l. 2s.) Part the 1st, of

AN Interesting COLLECTION of PORTRAITS, from undoubted Originals, engraved in the line manner, by the most eminent English Artists, and accompanied by concise Biographical Notices in English and French. It is the great ambition of the Proprietor, that the talents of our own Countrymen, as set forth in this undertaking, should bear the test of comparison with the celebrated schools of France and Italy: each individual Portrait will therefore lay claim to its place in the Cabinet of the curious as a Work of Art, and as a professed specimen of British Talent, independently of the more obvious attraction of the Work, to the general admirer of elegant Literature. The Work will be continued quarterly until the whole be completed, in 10 parts. The present number contains Charles the First, by Cosmo Armstrong; William Dobson, by Charles Poy; Albert Durer, by Charles Poy; Fensholt, by Cosmo Armstrong; Earl of Arundel, by F. Englehart; Duke of Norfolk, by J. J. Wedgwood; Dr. S. Johnson, by Cosmo Armstrong; Isaac Newton, by Edward Smith; Sir Isaac Newton, by Do. J. Paul de Pons, by J. Englehart. A detailed Prospectus, containing a specimen Plate, price 2s. (or without the embellishment, gratis,) may be had of the following publishers:—John Major, Skinner Street; William Jennings, Poultry; Hurst, Robinson, and Co. Cheapside; Robert Triphook, Old Bond Street; and all respectable Book and Printers.

On royal 4to. price 12s. 6d.; or proof impressions, on imperial 4to. price 18s. Part XI. of

PICTURESQUE DELINEATIONS of the SOUTHERN COAST of ENGLAND. Engraved by W. R. COOKE and G. COOKE, from Original Drawings, by J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. and other eminent Artists. This Part contains Views of Lulworth Castle, Torbay from Brixham, Minehead, Hallsands, and Sidmouth. London: Published by John and Arthur Arch, Cornhill; J. M. Richardson, opposite the Royal Exchange; Rodwell and Martin, Bond Street; E. Lloyd, Harley Street; and W. B. Cooke, Judd-place, East.

Egyptian Tomb discovered by Mr. Belzoni.

ON TUESDAY the 2d of MAY, a Model of this Ancient Monument will be exhibited to the Public. The Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly, will be divided, so as to present an exact fac-simile of the two most splendid Apartments of this Tomb of one of the Kings of Egypt: the wall will be adorned with Figures in Basalt Relievo, cast from the models in wax, and painted in the original, from which may be formed a most correct idea of the Arts, Sciences, and Religion of that Primitive Nation. To give the exact effect to this splendid Excavation, as seen by the Traveller, Belzoni, the apartments will be illuminated by artificial lights. Such an Exhibition of Egyptian Art has never been before introduced into Europe. A variety of very curious and interesting Specimens of Egyptian Antiquity will be placed in the Galleries of the same Hall.

Perry's System of Education.

A DISCOVERY important to all employed in the Education of Youth, has been made by Mr. PERRY, of Manchester. It is a System of Education for Academies, Ladies' Seminaries, and Schools in general, in which the Classics, Mathematics, and Commercial branches are taught, which possesses strikingly peculiar and remarkable advantages. It teaches every Part of a Seminary, consisting of indefinite numbers, and usually, without Assistants or Monitors, and with disproportionately greater success than on the prevailing systems; the trouble and fatigue to the teacher also are less in the same ratio. Concerning the other numerous and singular advantages of this altogether unique System, differing essentially from Dr. Bell's, Mr. Lancaster's, M. Pestalozzi's, M. Dufes's, or any other whatever, and which is easily and quickly learned, the interested reader is referred to the Prospectus of the System, which may be had on application, (post paid,) to Mr. Perry's Academy, 65, St. Mark's Court, enquire, an interview may be had with him for a few days, and also Prospectus, at No. 3, Adam Street, Adelphi, London, from 11 o'clock till 7.

April 30th.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

In 2 vols. 8vo. the 9th edition, with a portrait, and two other engravings, price 1l. 1s.

THE REMAINS of HENRY KIRKE WHITE, of Nottingham, late of St. John's College, Cambridge; with an Account of his Life. By ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq. Poet Laureate. Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London.

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